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Modern Screen

DECEMBER

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IRENE DUNNE'S *true* LIFE STORY WITH HER EXCLUSIVE CHILDHOOD PICTURES

ALICE FAYE

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YOU picture the Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too.

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To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature which gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

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YOUR LIPS INVITE ROMANCE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

PN1993
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Poor lonely Sue! Life's no fun at all for a girl without telephone calls or dates. (*But what man wants to play Romeo to dull teeth and dingy gums, a drab, lack-lustre smile?*)



There's hope for Sue. Her small sister could teach her the importance of gum massage to a winning smile. (*Little Ann learned in school that gums as well as teeth need special care.*)



Life's a lot of fun when a girl has a lovely, appealing smile! How popular Sue could be if she would start with Ipana today. (*For Ipana Tooth Paste with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth bright and sparkling.*)

Lovely Smiles win Romance——

Keep your smile lovelier with Ipana and massage!

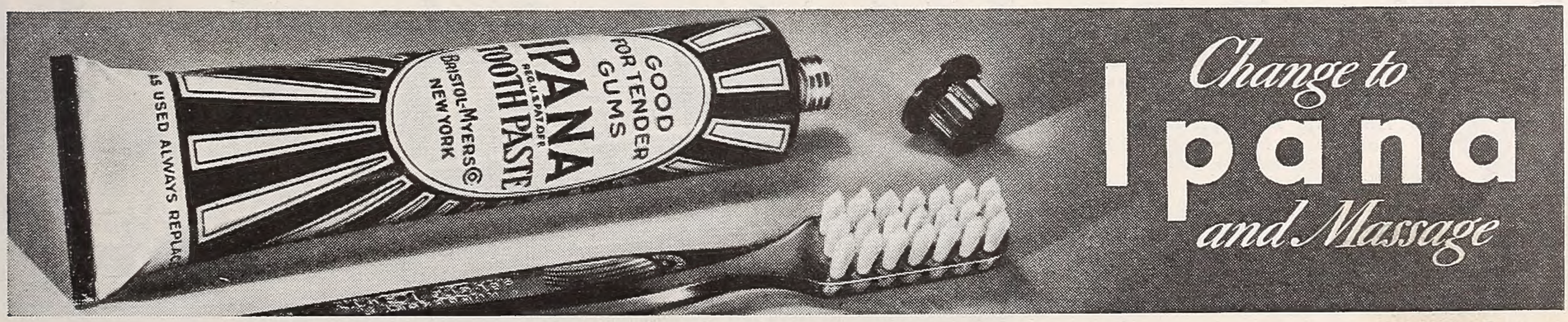
HOW SWIFTLY masculine eyes and hearts respond to a lovely, attractive smile! And how pitiful the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush," who lets dull teeth and dingy gums cheat her of life's fun.

Don't be foolish—don't risk your smile. If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for real trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is a case of lazy gums, deprived of vigorous chewing by modern soft foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

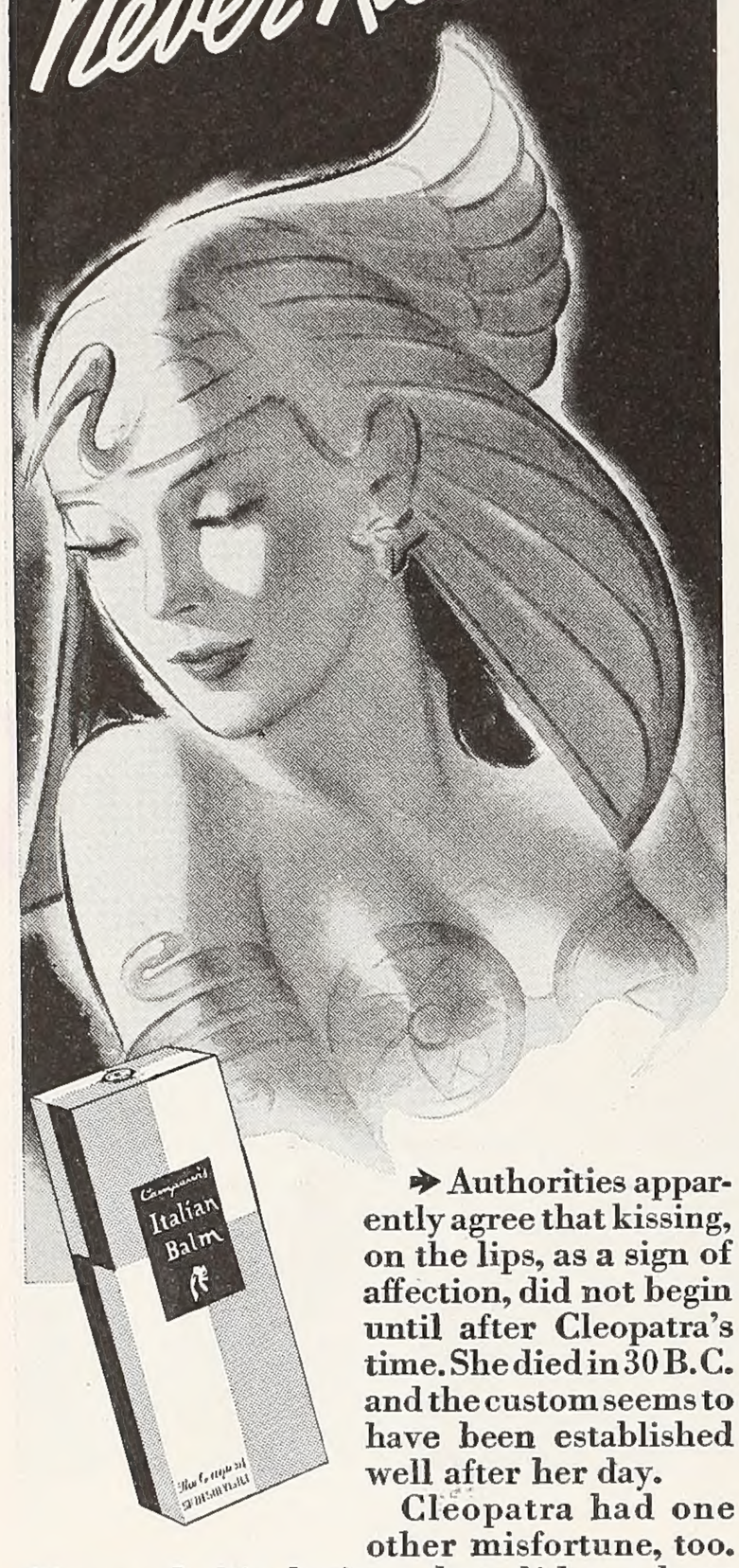
Buy a famous tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Adopt the common-sense dental routine of Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a radiant smile.

TRY THE NEW **D. D. DOUBLE DUTY** TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.



NOV -3 1938
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WHY WAS CLEOPATRA *Never Kissed?*



➔ Authorities apparently agree that kissing, on the lips, as a sign of affection, did not begin until after Cleopatra's time. She died in 30 B.C. and the custom seems to have been established well after her day.

Cleopatra had one other misfortune, too. She used skin lotions, but did *not* have the famous Skin Softener — Italian Balm. Her lotions were mixed, undoubtedly, with "a little of this and too much of that" —but today, no guesswork is permitted in making Italian Balm for milady's skin.

Here is a *scientifically* made skin-softening beauty aid that will help to keep your skin smoother and softer—fresher-feeling, more kissable and thrilling to the touch.

In Italian Balm you get not only a skin protection against chapping and skin dryness. You get also the costliest ingredients used in any of the largest selling lotions—yet the cost to use Italian Balm is negligible because it is rich, full-bodied and concentrated; not thin or watery. Try it FREE. Send coupon below.

Campana's

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FREE

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Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

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MODERN Screen

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NOW SHOWING

A NEW CAREER AT TWENTY	6	GEORGE BENJAMIN
FAY FINISHES FIRST	8	MACK HUGHES
HE'S TOO HANDSOME	26	MARTHA KERR
IRENE DUNNE'S TRUE LIFE STORY	28	CAROLINE S. HOYT
YOU'LL TAKE HIM—AND LIKE IT	32	IDA ZEITLIN
LOVE AND LORETTA	34	JAMES CARSON
GRANDPA SNAZZY'S GRANDSON	36	MARY MAYES
THAT GIRL'S BACK	38	JAMES REID
WITTY BOY NIVEN	40	GEORGE BENJAMIN
IS JEAN ARTHUR REALLY UNHAPPY?	42	FAITH SERVICE
ARE YOU A HIDDEN BEAUTY?	44	MARY MARSHALL
NOTHING TO SAY!	46	ROBERT McILWAINE
THE LADY OBJECTS	47	LOIS SVENSRUD
GUILE AND GLAMOR	48	MARIAN SQUIRE
BEATING THE GAME	50	WILLIAM A. ULMAN

SHORT SUBJECTS

INFORMATION DESK	10	QUESTIONS ANSWERED
WIN $250,000.00	12	BIG QUIZ CONTEST
ENTERTAINING IDEAS	14	SONJA HENIE'S SUGGESTIONS
MOVIE REVIEWS	16	WHAT TO SEE
PORTRAIT GALLERY	19	FOR YOUR ALBUM
OFF THEIR GUARD	51	CANDID SHOTS
GOOD NEWS	62	LATEST GOSSIP
OUR PUZZLE PAGE	68	MOVIE X-WORD
BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME	70	PRIZE LETTERS
NIGHT AND DAY	72	NEW KNITS

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Power that rivets eyes to the screen, that chokes back tears, that grips the heart and sets pulses leaping. Yes, it's one of the greatest dramas since films began! The young doctor tempted . . . a world of luxury and beautiful women within easy reach but the cry of humanity calling him back to the citadel of his youthful ideals.

THE CITADEL

ROBERT DONAT
Rosalind RUSSELL
IN
CITADEL

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Based on the novel by A. J. Cronin

with RALPH RICHARDSON
REX HARRISON · EMLYN WILLIAMS

Screen Play by Ian Dalrymple, Frank Wead, Elizabeth Hill. Additional dialogue by Emlyn Williams. Produced by Victor Saville

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

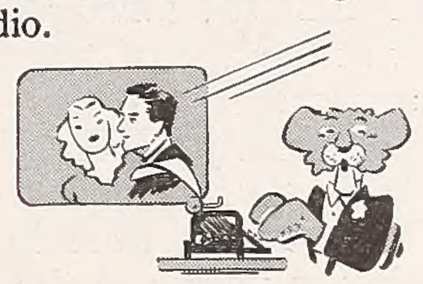
The LION'S ROAR



With everybody writing a column, I don't see why I should not take a crack at it myself.

★ ★ ★

My idea is to tell you about some of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and personalities. And folks, I've got the inside dope on everything that goes on in the world's greatest studio.



The late Will Rogers said all he knew was "what he read in the papers." All I know is what I see on the screen (and what my spies at the studio report to me).

★ ★ ★

You've read all about "The Citadel" in our advertisement on the left. It's made of the sterner stuff. Merrier, gayer, is "Sweethearts", which, with appropriate fanfare, brings us once again that thrush-throated pair, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

★ ★ ★

"Sweethearts" is their first *modern* musical. Modern as the dialogue by Dorothy Parker (the "glad girl") and Alan Campbell.



Hunt Stromberg, who produced "Naughty Marietta", "Rose Marie" and "Maytime", and Director W. S. Van Dyke II, are the sweethearts who give us "Sweethearts"—and it's all in beautiful Technicolor.

★ ★ ★

And if you want to hear more about pictures, write for my little book, "The Screen Forecast," M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal. It's free!



Just call me *Leo*

MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT!

A NEW CAREER AT TWENTY

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

Pat Ellis crashed the movies at fourteen—now she's back again

PATRICIA ELLIS, among Hollywood's better known players, has, at the age of twenty, experienced one of the most amazing careers of any actress on the screen. I talked to her recently at her New York hotel, when she exclaimed, "Oh it's so wonderful to be back in town! I feel free for the first time in five years. I just walk around waving my arms in the air. Hollywood is grand, but I had been there too long!" Pat is so young that it seems hard to believe that anyone her age could have had time to be any place "too long!"

Then she told me that she had been in Hollywood all of five years.

"Well, I arrived to make my first picture, 'Three on a Match,' and the first day I was called to the studio was on my fourteenth birthday. I know it is hard to believe that, as at that time I was to play the part of a young woman of twenty-four. I was so frightened that I could hardly talk.

"I worked very hard on this picture as I was so anxious to make a good first impression. When it was over and I had a little more time to look around Hollywood, I began to meet people—Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Richard Cromwell, Anne Shirley and dozens of others that were working in pictures. At this time we were all rated about the same, and we all had one thing in mind—to get ahead in our work. Some of us have had better breaks than others and a few have faded out.

"For the next five years I was kept busy enough to think that I was doing all right. I made forty pictures in that time, and have been told it is a record number. As I became better known in Hollywood, life seemed very gay. There were any number of parties, week-ends in Palm Springs and my days seemed to be filled with sunshine.

"About three years ago, I found that I was putting on many extra pounds. My studio advised me to take a trip and go on a strict diet until I had lost about ten pounds. After pondering over many places I would like to hide myself in, I went to Death Valley.

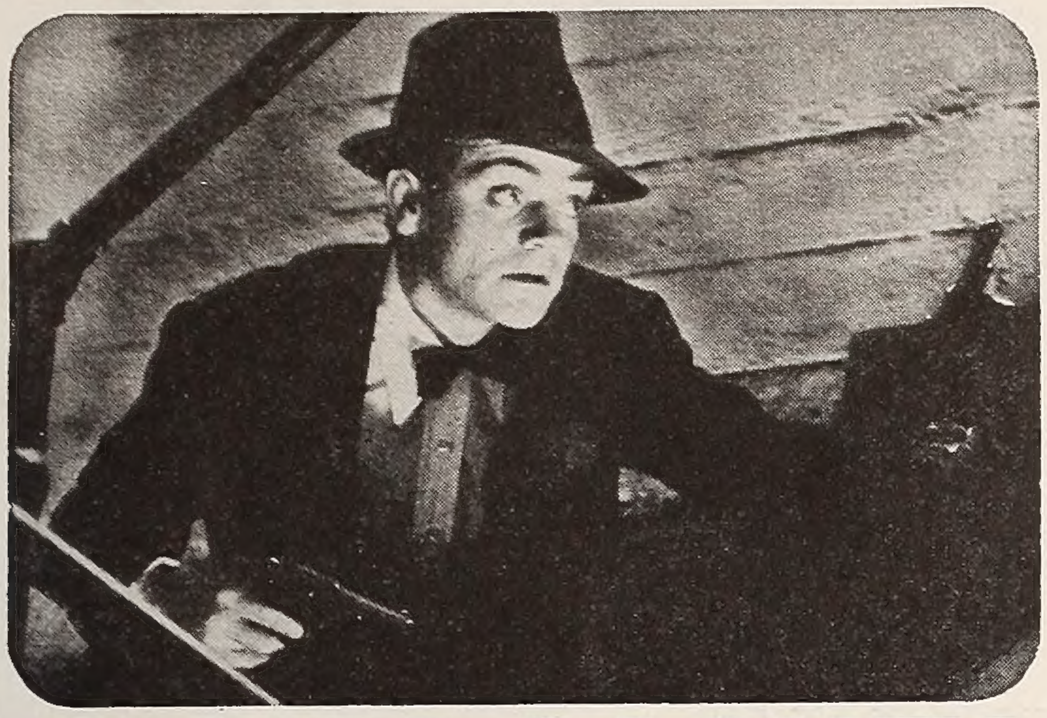
"When I arrived I found one of the most perfect desert resorts I had ever seen. The only thing in sight was one lovely hotel right in the heart of the desert. I knew that I had come to the right place, as there was no chance to do anything except swim, play tennis, ride and take long walks. When I checked in at the hotel, they told me that I would have to pay for three meals a day—regardless! And as there was not even a drug store within fifty miles where I might be (*Continued on page 85*)



Pat's a Jill of all trades—and does all right in every one of 'em!

These are the

"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"



JAMES CAGNEY

as Rocky **. . . "Sure, I got a past—the gutter! But I got a future, too! I'm going to take what I can get —until they get me!**



PAT O'BRIEN

as Father Connolly **. . . "Rocky and I were kids together. I was lucky. He wasn't—or I might be headed for the chair now instead of him!"**



THE 'DEAD END' KIDS

as Themselves **. . . Headed for crime—their lives are the prize in a battle between priest and killer!**

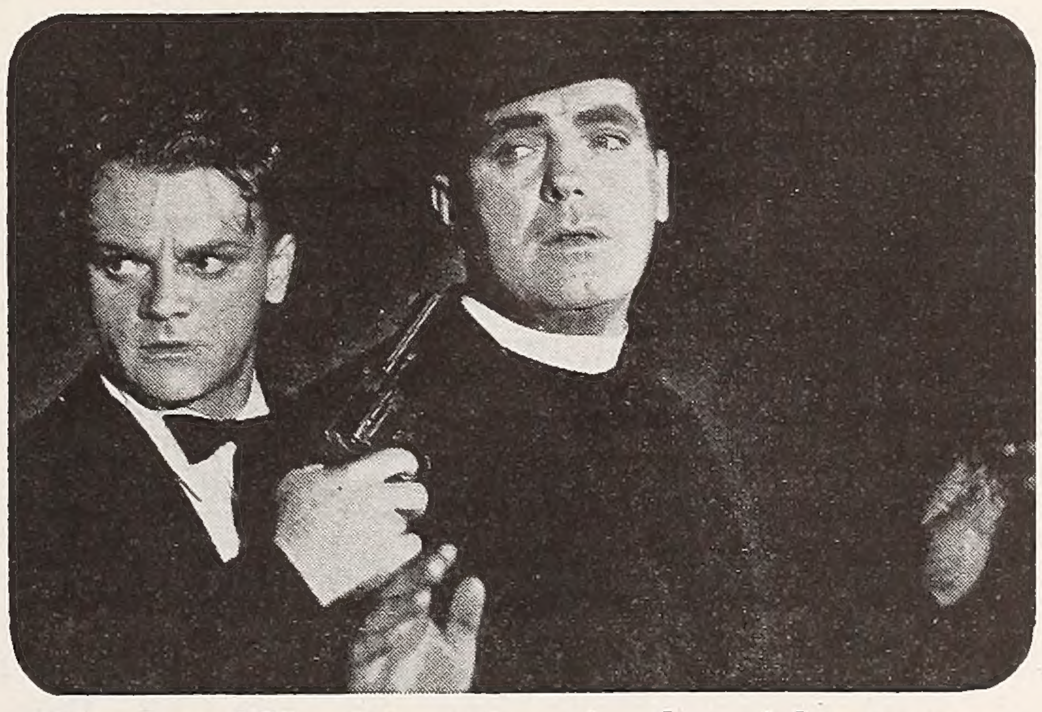


HUMPHREY BOGART

as Rocky's Mouthpiece **. . . "Rocky'll get you for this! I get away with murder—but you can't!"**



ANN SHERIDAN ***as Laury*** **. . . "I'm Rocky's girl —so what? I know I'm playing with dynamite. But it's better than washing dishes—so far!"**



Hands up! Here's emotion aimed straight at your heart! Here's love battling hate in a fusillade of action! Here are two fighting stars in their glory!

with GEORGE BANCROFT
Screen Play by John Wexley and Warren Duff • From A First National Picture

Directed by Michael Curtiz
a Story by Rowland Brown • Music by Max Steiner
Presented by WARNER BROS.





Fay Bainter, left, made up for her memorable "White Banners" role, which characterization should make her an Academy Award candidate. Right, as Fay looks when you see her around socially.

FAY FINISHES FIRST

BY MACK HUGHES

IT'S WIN, place *or* show out at Santa Anita, the famed race track rendevouz of cinema stars. But, movie magnets don't give their players that much lee-way. It's win or lose—with no small talk about ability. The Powers That Be turn to the ledger, figuratively saying, "Let's see. Mme. Fifi lost about twenty cents in the 'Toy Bride,' eh? Notify the Madame we won't exercise our option at this time."

And there, my friends, you have Hollywood. But, not Fay Bainter! She is always a winner. Since way back, Fay has been romping home with flying colors! And Hollywood, that land of celulloid and sound, is just another, though new, track to her. Yes, Miss Bainter's film fame is growing as fast as Junior out of Big Brother's hand-me-downs.

You've no doubt seen Fay's magnificent performance in "White Banners." This should win for her that much-coveted award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the finest piece of acting during the year. Now you must admit that Fay's hurried to accomplish all this in the short span of her Movietown occupancy. For, it's little more than a year since she settled down to conquer the galloping snapshots.

For years the Bainter name adorned Broadway's best theatre marquee's, where only those excelling in the art of acting arrive. As you know, Fay has been a stage star for many theatrical seasons, so once in Hollywood, she set about combining the two techniques—that of the stage and screen. When she mastered the formula for camera craft, nothing stopped her. So, today Fay Bainter is one of the most sought-after actresses on the coast.

"You know," Fay explained, "it wasn't easy getting accustomed to the camera. That all-seeing eye isn't too kind. There's no bluffing when you stand in front of it for a 'take.' Of course, it's a help to be able to do a scene over, but if this happens often, the boss is liable to bark long and loud and I don't mean maybe! "After finishing 'Jezebel,' I was pretty much disheartened. On the stage you know when you do a good job. But, in pictures you can't tell until you actually see yourself on the screen. Well, after seeing the rushes, I was sure the stage was the place for me and my talents, if any. So, Poppy and I packed up and headed for home. Home to me, you know, is Ossining, N. Y. Yes, we were jogging along peacefully listening to the radio when suddenly the announcer interrupted the program saying, 'Fay Bainter, headed east by car, return at once to her studio.'

"'*Now* what have I done wrong?' I asked Poppy. [Poppy happens to be Reginald Venable, Fay's husband.] We decided there was only one way to find out. So, I hopped a train back and, much to my surprise, was immediately put into 'White Banners.' Poppy continued east to close the house.

"This was a marvelous break for me, but it presented a problem. I had to find a house as little Reg would soon be out of school and coming on for vacation. The places I found that I could afford weren't suitable. Then I landed 'Mother Cary's Chickens' and said, 'Oh heck, why not,' and took this place on the beach. It's been wonderful for my son. So, the Venables haven't gone swank, just practical for a change."

By way of reporting, let us bring you an interesting sidelight we garnered out Warner's way, concerning production on "White Banners." Seems the director called his camera crew together and informed them that all scenes Miss Bainter appeared in were to show her full face. There you have an idea (*Continued on page 88*)

No matter who's in the cast, Bainter reaches the performance tape in top form

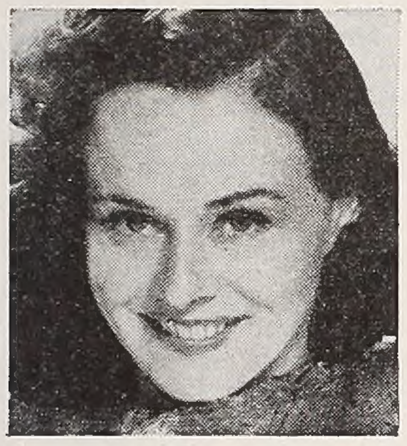
7 GREAT PERSONALITIES



JANET GAYNOR
"A Star Is Born"



DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS, JR.
"Rupert of Hentzau"



PAULETTE
GODDARD
In her talking debut



ROLAND YOUNG
First picture since "Topper"



BILLIE BURKE
"Mrs. Topper"

Selznick International

presents

JANET
GAYNOR

DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS JR.

PAULETTE
GODDARD

in

THE YOUNG IN HEART

with

ROLAND YOUNG
BILLIE BURKE

with Henry Stephenson *Directed by Richard Wallace*

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK.. *Released thru United Artists*



RICHARD CARLSON
New Screen Personality





MINNIE DUPREE
In her first screen performance

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURES

From the SATURDAY EVENING POST story, "THE GAY BANDITTI," by I. A. R. Wylie

WORLD-FAMOUS EXPERT TELLS

HOW TO *Make Your Lips Adorable* WITH NEW

"BLACK" LIPSTICK



A Heart-to-Heart Talk with
VARADY, *Eminent Beauty Authority*

"Few women know the power of their lips in enchanting men," *says Varady, world-renowned authority on beauty and feminine charm.* "Yet every woman knows her lips are the most glamorous, the most seductive instruments of romance.

"Therefore, I say to all girls and women—give extra time and attention to making your lips attractive, magnetic.

"And that is exactly why I offer you my new 'black' lipstick creation—Varady's Midnite Rose Shade. *Designed especially for you to make the most of your lips.* When applied, it changes instantly to a ravishing red—a blood-warmth color that makes your lips vivid and alluring, with the moist, dewy effect that wins men's hearts the world over.

"Try my new 'black' lipstick now. It comes in two shades: Midnite Rose, light, and Midnite Rose, dark—for blondes and for brunettes. Ask for Varady's Midnite Rose Shade at any cosmetic counter now. Make your lips adorable!"

THESE ARE LIPS MEN ADORE!



GLORIA BREWSTER, *of the famed Brewster Twins, now featured in 20th Century Fox's "Hold That Coed," musical hit.*



MOVITA, *glamorous star of Monogram Picture's "Rose of the Rio Grande." Movita brings a new type of loveliness to the screen.*



BARBARA BREWSTER, *sister of the lovely Gloria (at top). The Brewster Twins have enchanted millions with their singing and dancing.*

Varady

The Original American-Made "Black" Lipstick!

Now! See How Amazing Cream Makes Skin Lovelier!

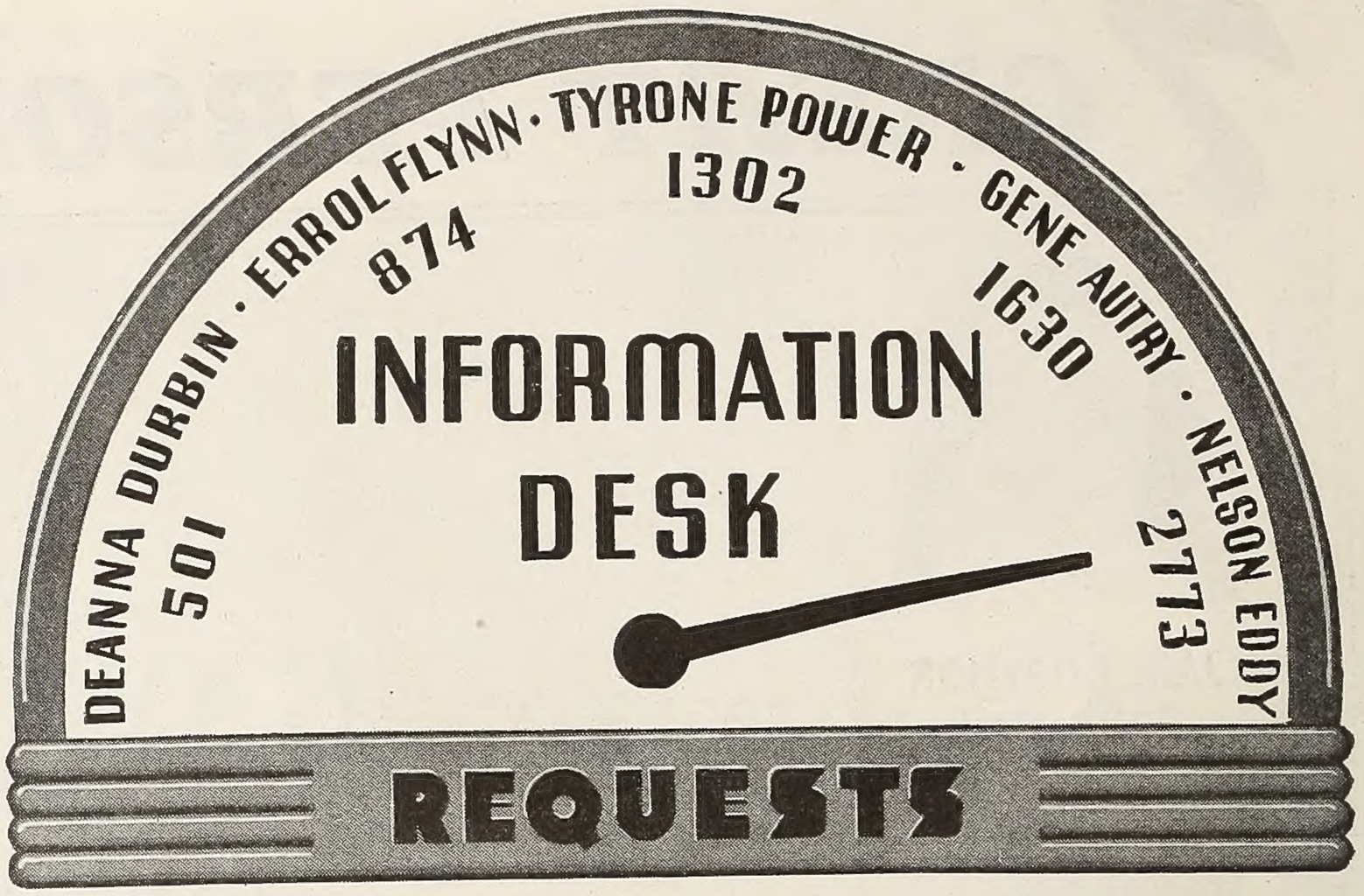
• *The very first time you use Varady's Face Cream, your own mirror will show you the wonderful results! Skin that is clear and smooth . . . skin that is soft and thrilling to touch! This all-purpose cream is light, velvety.*

It spreads readily, almost instantly sinks into the pores. Just pat gently—no hard rubbing or slapping in. Leaves skin radiant, soft, smooth—wonderfully lighter and brighter looking.

For your beauty's sake, try these other Varady aids to loveliness: Oil of Youth, Face Powder, Blending Rouge. If not available at your favorite cosmetic counter, write Varady, 427 W. Randolph St., Chicago.



Varady INC.
COSMETICS



Boost your favorite player—send a coupon



GEORGE RAFT: The fourth career attempted by George Raft, that of a dramatic screen actor, is bringing him the fame and international renown which the others failed to produce. Before becoming an actor, Raft was a boxer, a professional baseball player and a dancer. Although he achieved fame as a dancer, his screen career has far surpassed that success. He portrayed the gangster in Howard Hughes' "Scarface" and a similar role in "Dancers in the Dark" with Miriam Hopkins and Jack Oakie. As a result, he was placed under long-term contract.

Raft was born in New York City on a September 27, of German and Italian parentage. His German grandfather was in the entertainment business and introduced the merry-go-round into this country. He also prospected for gold in the early days of California, making several small strikes. During his New York school days and summer vacations George Raft worked as an electrician's helper at the munificent salary, of four dollars a week. When he was fifteen George decided to become a boxer. He was a bantam weight and during the next two years fought in the leading clubs of New York, without particular success. He next tried professional baseball as a career, playing as an outfielder on the Springfield (Mass.) Eastern League team but was dropped after two seasons because his batting average didn't compare favorably with his fielding average. On his return to New York George decided to make use of his dancing hobby so he secured employment at Churchill's and Rector's, hoofing at tea dances. He then tried playing in various small town stock companies but soon returned to New York to go into musical shows.

Europe came next. George became the highest paid American dancer in Europe and one of the world's fastest dancers. On one occasion he split headline billing with Nazimova. While in London, George Raft met the Prince of Wales and taught him new dance steps. In appreciation the Prince gave Raft a cigaret lighter which he still treasures. On his return to New York George danced in virtually every night club and motion picture theater. Then he met a movie director, who, several months later, sent for him to come to Hollywood. He made two mediocre movies before his successful gangster portrayal in "Scarface." George Raft is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has an olive complexion, black hair and brown eyes. His hobbies are baseball and prize fights, and in the way of literature he prefers realism to romance, biography to fiction. His two latest pictures were "You and Me" and "Spawn of the North." His address is Paramount Studios, Hollywood.



ANN SOTHERN is one of those destiny-girls who had fame thrust upon her. A spur of the moment trip to California changed the whole course of her life and turned a potential concert pianist into an actress. Ann was born Harriette Lake, in Valley City, North Dakota, January 2, 1909. She was educated in various cities of the middle west and at the University of Washington. For three consecutive years at Central High School in Minneapolis she won first prize for original piano compositions. It was while visiting her mother, a concert singer, in Los Angeles that Ann was discovered by Hollywood. She made a number of pictures under her own name. Then she went to New York and appeared with Marilyn Miller in "Smiles." She returned to Hollywood, took a new name, adopted partly from her mother's name, partly from that of E. H. Sothern, the Shakespearean actor, and entered the movies again, this time to become a star. Ann appears in many beautiful-but-dumb roles, but she is really one of the film colony's most cultured and widely-read actresses. She is also a flying enthusiast, with thousands of miles of air travel to her

LOOK! NEW, COMPLETELY REVISED ADDRESS LIST!

Send your stamped self-addressed envelope today and we will mail you free MODERN SCREEN'S new, enlarged, up-to-the-minute list of all the Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. Hundreds of names, from the top flight stars right down the line, including contract and even free lance players. This new and enlarged list has been completely revised and rearranged alphabetically for your greater convenience. You've asked for it—here it is—a convenient size to handle, to keep in your scrap-book or writing desk for ready reference. Do you want to write a fan letter, request a photograph, or just trace the studio connections of your favorite players? In any of these cases you'll find this list indispensable.

To receive one of these lists, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a *large* self-addressed and stamped envelope. *Don't forget* that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

credit. She keeps her perfect figure by riding horseback, swimming, and playing tennis. Ann Sothern is a natural blonde, with blue-gray eyes. She is five feet, one inch tall, weighs one hundred, twelve pounds and eats what she wants, depending solely upon exercise to control her poundage. Ann is always "herself" and is exceptionally popular with fellow workers. She has a sister, Bonnie, who is a composer, and another, Marion, who is a writer. Her family is descended from Cyrus Lake, inventor of the submarine. Ann's two most recent pictures were "Smartest Girl in Town," and "She's Got Everything." Her next will be "Trade Winds." You may address her in care of United Artists' Studios, Hollywood, Cal.



WILLIAM BOYD: It was a long hard road that William Boyd tramped to the west—and to fame. The son of a civil engineer, he was attending school at Tulsa, Oklahoma, when both his parents died and he was left to face the world on his own. The spirit of adventure called and he set out for the Pacific coast. But adventure, he discovered, was made up principally of hard work and harder knocks. Near Globe, Arizona, he found himself flat broke so he took a job in a sawmill.

The hours were long, the pay was small, but Bill managed to save enough to get to California. Near the town of Orange, Calif., he once more found his pockets empty so he hired out to pick and pack oranges. During the months that followed he worked at drilling oil wells, selling first automobiles and then groceries in a country store. Gradually he neared Hollywood where he began his screen career as an extra. His first break came when he was given a "bit" part in a picture and, later, was assigned to a major supporting role. After that, life was easier. William Boyd has starred in nineteen "Hopalong Cassidy" pictures. Though for years one of the film colony's favorite players and a protege of De Mille, easy going Bill Boyd has never "gone Hollywood." He has remained "Bill" to everybody. He is married to Grace Bradley, screen actress and former Broadway star. They live on a ranch in San Fernando Valley where they both ride snow white horses with identical silver trappings. They are seldom seen in night clubs, preferring country life. Boyd works six months a year and loafs six months. He loves to hunt and fish and his wife usually joins him on these excursions. He refuses to let anybody double for him in hazardous scenes and has never had a stand-in. The drawl which distinguishes Boyd's speech in the character of "Hopalong Cassidy" comes natural as he is a real westerner. His riding ability can be traced back to his early days in Oklahoma. Bill Boyd was born in Cambridge, O., June 5, 1898, but moved to the West when he was scarcely of school age. He is just a bit over six feet tall, has blonde hair and blue eyes. He weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. His last two pictures were "Bar 20 Justice" and "Pride of the West." His next will be "In Old Mexico." You may address him in care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page* 82)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

.....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State .....

If you would like our chart listing the heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.



Bed and Boudoir Accessories by Carlin Comforts

Your skin, like your heart, must never cease working. Help it stay vital, beautiful, youthful looking; use this "skin-awakening" cream.

YOUR skin, to stay lovely, must work all day long and *all through the night.*

Woodbury Cold Cream which contains a skin-enlivening element—a skin-stimulating Vitamin—helps rouse sluggish skin to keep it busily working. By encouraging your skin to greater activity, Woodbury helps it stay fresh and vigorous.

Woodbury Cold Cream is a basic cream. It tones and stimulates the skin; cleanses the pores thoroughly; brings needful oils to lubricate the skin. And in this lovely beauty cream you have *germ-free* purity down to the very last dab in the jar.

Let Woodbury Cold Cream, with the skin-stimulating Vitamin, cleanse, tone and arouse your skin. $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



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Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury Cold and Facial Creams; 7 shades of Woodbury Facial Powder; guest-size Woodbury Facial Soap. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

LET US HELP YOU WIN

Here is the complete guide to the answers which can make you a lucky

EXPLANATION

Here is a chance at fame and fortune! To enter this contest, simply secure a movie quiz booklet at your neighborhood theatre. Answer one question about any 30 pictures included in the booklet, and then write a statement of not more than 50 words, telling which one of the 30 pictures you like best, and why.

Our sample letter will help you in writing your statement. Remember, it must be original. Just write as if you were telling a friend why the picture appealed to you, why you especially enjoyed it.

As a further guide, read our synopses carefully. They'll assist you in selecting the correct answers.

After you have completed your entry, mail the booklet containing your answers and the 50 word statement to

Motion Picture Contest
480 Lexington Avenue, New York City
Postmarked not later than December 31, 1938



SAMPLE LETTER

"Sweethearts" was a treat I'll never forget.. Victor Herbert's thrilling melodies sung with such charm, the Technicolor which alone can do justice to such spectacles as the tulip scene, and the romantic tale which held my interest to the very end, all made it the most enjoyable entertainment I've had since Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy sang "Maytime."

SYNOPSIS

In "Sweethearts," Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy Broadway musical comedy stars, have been happily married for six years, but a potted orange tree sent by the persistent Hollywood talent scout, an unexpected "sweetheart" publicity stunt on their wedding anniversary and disagreements with relatives lead them to agree to sign film contracts. Their producer, frantic to keep the "sweethearts" in New York for his new show, tries the hoax of making Jeanette think Nelson is unfaithful to her. Instead, the "sweethearts" quarrel and join separate road companies. Later, discovering they have been tricked, they rush back to New York and decide never again to part.

THE MAD MISS MANTON

When Barbara Stanwyck, a madcap society girl with a reputation for thoughtless pranks, finds a dead body in an old mansion, her report to the police is not taken seriously. With her "gang" of debutantes, she returns to the house for clues and finds the cloak she had left in her horrified flight and the note, "The next time you'll be in it" pinned to the door by a knife. Undaunted by the peril that hovers over her and by conflicts with newspaper editor, Henry Fonda, and the police, Barbara and her "gang" run down clues on this and a follow-up murder until they capture the killer.

* * *

THE TEXANS

As Randolph Scott and the rest of the Confederate veterans come off the boat at Indianola, Texas, at the close of the Civil War, they find the state under martial law. When Joan Bennett, who is in the dangerous act of running guns for Robert Cummings, is discovered and arrested, Randy goes to her aid. When an impossibly high tax is put on cattle, Scott persuades Joan and her grandmother to permit him to drive their cattle north to the railroad where they will have a ready market. After incredible hardships they finally make it and Randy is rewarded by winning Joan's affections from Robert who, though he follows them, refuses to help her in any way.

* * *

SPAWN OF THE NORTH

George Raft and Henry Fonda are fishermen in the primitive north where fish are caught in boatloads and the ice to preserve them is taken from icebergs broken by the men's singing. Lifelong friends, they grow apart when Fonda decides to go "straight" and Raft joins the salmon pirates. When the pirates find the threat of violence from the honest fishers a menace, they plan a big raid. In the fight which follows, Fonda shoots Raft. Raft, dying, pretends hatred for Fonda, but carries out a plan by which the pirate leader is betrayed and Henry saved.

* * *

THOROUGHBRED

When two acrobats are hurled to death, Edith Fellows is left an orphan. With Counto, the Wonder Horse, in a trailer, she and the horse's handler, Cliff Edwards, drive to California to find her relatives. Afraid of stern Aunt Virginia Howell, they go to Cousin Richard Fiske's. As he has just lost his racing stable to his creditors he goes to live with them. The story centers around Edith's efforts to get the three financially fixed by making a race horse out of Counto. Despite the aunt's plots, a fire, a disloyal jockey and other obstacles, she is finally successful and all ends well.

* * *

MR. CHUMP

Because Johnnie Davis, who boasts of his success with the trumpet and the stock market, is thwarted in his love for Penny Singleton, he goes to the big city. In short time he returns a hero, a trumpet player in a big orchestra with plenty of money. In the meantime Penny's brother-in-law and Johnnie's rival for her hand have "borrowed" money from the bank where they work and lost it in the stock market. Johnnie takes another large sum and recoups their losses, but the bank examiners have the three thrown into jail. Johnnie swings the trumpet in the prison band and his Penny is waiting for him when he gets out.

* * *

SUEZ

Tyrone Power is the young Frenchman who dares to dream of linking continental Europe, the African Southland and the great countries of Southern Asia. Though the object of his heart, Loretta Young, rejects him to become an Empress, she aids him with his project to the end. The other influence in his life is Annabella, a beauty in the French Egyptian garrison. She, too, loves Tyrone and helps him in many ways, even saving his life on occasions. Despite political opposition, such catastrophes as a simoon retarding its construction, the Suez Canal finally emerges as one of the greatest feats of all time.

* * *

KEEP SMILING

Orphan Jane Withers takes upon herself the task of rehabilitating her Uncle Henry Wilcoxon who was once one of Hollywood's leading directors but now has become a victim of drink with the consequent loss of jobs. She is helped by his secretary, Gloria Stuart, who is in love with him, and takes Jane to live with her at a boarding house. One night when Jane fails to locate him, she sends some friends to find him. They bring him back to the boarding

$250,000.00 MOVIE QUIZ

winner! Read this carefully, for your chance to click is excellent

PRIZES

1st Prize	$50,000	40 of $500 each	20,000
2nd Prize	25,000	40 of $250 each	10,000
2 of $10,000 each	20,000	300 of $100 each	30,000
5 of $5,000 each	25,000	5000 of $10 each	50,000
5 of $2,000 each	10,000		
10 of $1,000 each	10,000	Total -	$250,000



SAMPLE LETTER

A picture like "A Letter of Introduction" may not settle any momentous question, but it does cure more ills than lots of medicine. The story is different from the usual run and full of exciting and amusing situations. All the personalities are excellent, but Charlie McCarthy's wise-cracking by itself would be worth the price of admission. It's a real tonic.

SYNOPSIS

In "A Letter of Introduction," Andrea Leeds and Edgar Bergen save Charlie McCarthy and Andrea's letter of introduction to Adolphe Menjou when the theatrical boarding house in which they live burns. Though the letter reveals that Andrea is Adolphe's child by a former marriage, he asks her not to reveal their true relationship. Menjou's interest in her and her stage career leads to misunderstandings between Andrea and her love, George Murphy, but Bergen and McCarthy, started on a successful radio career by Menjou, stick by Andrea. Finally, Menjou's identity is cleared up, misunderstandings are cleared up and Andrea and George are brought together again.

house slightly inebriated. To keep attention from his entrance, Jane does imitations of various screen stars like Eleanor Powell, Deanna Durbin and Bobby Breen, but he makes a scene and is discovered. An old actor at the house befriends him, and it is this friendship that finally brings about Jane's chance for a movie contract and Wilcoxon's longed-for chance—to direct again.

* * *

CRIME TAKES A HOLIDAY

When Ann Sheridan's father is prosecuted as a murderer by District Attorney Jack Holt in his attempt to rid a midwest city of racketeers, she convinces Jack of her father's innocence. Trusting Holt and his assistant Russell Hopton she agrees to say nothing so that they can try to trap the real killers. When all their plans fail and the Governor refuses Ann's father a reprieve, the only way out seems to be to let Ann expose Holt's handling of her father's case thus probably ruining his career. The racketeer leader who has been posing as the "indignant citizen" gets ahold of the exposé but, in making use of it, slips his foot and is quickly trapped into a confession by Jack Holt.

* * *

SWING THAT CHEER

The Athletic Board of Carlton University agrees to retain Coach Samuel Hinds for one more year with the warning that he must win every game. Tom Brown is given the blocker's position on the squad and his room-mate Robert Wilcox carries the ball. When Wilcox's touchdowns win the game, though Tom's blocking is really responsible, Wilcox develops a swelled head and Brown is shoved into the background. This leads to a breakup of the boys' friendship and when things come to a showdown just before the final game, a fight takes place in which a table falls on Tom's leg. He feigns a broken leg to show up Wilcox's dependence on his blocking. They are losing the game when Tom confesses his hoax. Working together with Wilcox, who now sees his error, they save the game just as the gun sounds.

* * *

BROTHER RAT

Eddie Albert, Wayne Morris' roommate at Virginia Military Institute, needs money because the girl to whom he is secretly wed is going to have a baby. Wayne tries to be helpful by betting on their baseball game all the money he can get his hands on, including fifty dollars Eddie had given him to put in the bank and money he gets for pawning everything in the room, even a sabre belonging to the U. S. Government. This leads to one difficulty after another, climaxing in Eddie's failure to win the scholarship money they had counted on. Suddenly a telegram comes announcing the birth of the baby and Eddie wins the three hundred dollars for being the first father in the class.

* * *

DRUMS

Prince Ghul of India has plans to get possession of the British quarters at Tokot, then kill his brother, the aging Khan, and then the latter's son, Prince Azim. The British and the Khan, learning of the plan, form a treaty, after which a great friendship grows between young Prince Azim and members of the British quarters. After they all suffer terror at the hands of Prince Ghul, the little Prince finally saves the day for both the British and his own throne by using a "private" danger signal he and the Scottish drummer boy had improvised.

* * *

MR. WONG, DETECTIVE

John Hamilton, a chemical manufacturer, tells detective Boris Karloff he suspects his two partners of threats which he has received. Karloff, arriving at Hamilton's office for an appointment, finds him dead. John St. Polis, a little chemist who had accused Hamilton of stealing his formula for poison gas, is arrested. Picking up glass particles that he finds, Karloff discovers that his suspicions that Hamilton died from poison gas are true. When Hamilton's two partners meet the same fate, though evidence seems to point to a gang of international spies, clever Karloff proves that St. Polis is the murderer of all three.

* * *

SMASHING THE RACKETS

Chester Morris prosecutes, for the D.A.'s office, the case of his old friend the tobacconist who was brutally beaten by racketeers. When he loses the case because of lying witnesses, he decides to handle the case his own way. (*Continued on page 96*)

Sonja Henie suggests baked treats to serve with coffee



What is more tempting than Norwegian coffee cake with coffee?

Entertaining IDEAS

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Sonja says that, in Norway, coffee is served more frequently than here.



WHETHER YOU are a gay and golden picture star, like Sonja Henie, or just a charming, simple little housewife, one of the most becoming roles you can play is that of hostess in the realm of your own home.

If you have ever stopped to realize how important it is for you to shine in this setting of your own making, you have also figured out, I'm sure, that it is not enough just to be poised and gracious. Being a perfect hostess also involves serving the right kind of refreshments. This, of course, is equally true whether your guests have been invited in advance or have just dropped in unexpectedly.

The best way to prepare for these occasions—planned or impromptu—is to decide first on one certain thing around which to "build" your menu. And if you were to follow Sonja Henie's suggestion, that certain something would be coffee.

This popular custom can be directly traced to Miss Henie's Norwegian "bringing up," for in Norway they drink even more coffee than we do. There the students foregather in "coffee rooms" for the stimulation provided by this fragrant beverage as well as for the exchange of opinions. And there housewives serve to their most honored guests coffee with whipped cream, accompanied by their most delectable baked treats.

What are some of these fresh-from-the-oven delicacies that go so well with a cup of steaming brew? Their name is legion. The question of choice is governed neither by type nor nationality but rather by personal preference. However, I think you will be especially interested in a couple of Sonja's suggestions which I tried out—with immediate success.

The one that takes precedence over all others, naturally enough, is coffee cake. Not the usual coffee cake, but one made according to our Norwegian star's treasured version of an "old country" recipe. Rich, spicy and decidely different, it is sure to impress your guests no end. The likes of it have never before graced my board but it is already booked for a return appearance!

Or perhaps you think your friends would prefer something more partified—a little more of the "Bridge Club" type of refreshments? Then by all means bake some Party Puffs, says Sonja. And in order to make the task simpler she supplied directions for making those most frequently served in her own home when folks drop in for a cup of coffee and a not-too-filling sweet. Nothing out of the ordinary about the Cream Puff shells, I noted immediately, but there's something pretty special about both the filling and frosting. The one is lighter than any I've ever tried, the other gleams like nothing I've ever seen. Where is that mixing bowl, and that coffee pot? For I'm expecting guests this evening—are you?

ALMOND COFFEE CAKE

¾ cup butter
¼ cup lard or vegetable shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg slightly beaten
¼ cup cream
¼ teaspoon almond extract
1 teaspoon soda
1 tablespoon vinegar
3½ cups flour, sifted
2 tablespoons softened butter
4 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ cup seedless raisins
¼ cup citron and candied cherries, combined
½ cup blanched almonds
white of 1 egg

Cream together butter and lard (or vegetable shortening). Add sugar gradually, creaming together thoroughly. Add beaten egg. Add cream and almond extract. Beat until very light. Add soda dissolved in the vinegar. Sift flour into a bowl, make a "well" in the middle and turn first mixture into this depression. Mix together lightly until blended. Roll out gently on well floured board to make an oblong piece about 18 inches long and ½ inch thick. Spread with softened butter. Combine the 4 tablespoons sugar with the cinnamon. Sprinkle buttered dough with ¾ of this mixture. Rinse raisins in hot water, drain and dry; add to citron, cherries and blanched almonds. Chop well together. Sprinkle ¾ of this mixture over the dough. Roll up dough as for jelly roll. Place this roll in a circle (with both ends joining) in a large, round, greased cake tin. Brush with egg white. Sprinkle with the remaining cinnamon-sugar mixture and fruit and nut mixture. Bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) 30 minutes or until a cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean. Should be served hot, plain, or with butter.

PARTY PUFFS

1 cup water
½ cup butter
1 cup flour
4 eggs

Place water in saucepan, bring to a boil. Add butter, stir until melted. Sift in the flour. Stir vigorously, while cooking over low heat, until mixture is thick and smooth, and will form into a ball that does not stick to the sides of the saucepan. Remove from heat, cool slightly. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating hard for several minutes after each addition. Drop by teaspoonfuls, or from pastry bag, onto greased baking sheet. Each puff should be about one inch in diameter and slightly higher in the center. Bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) about 30 minutes. Test "doneness" by removing a single puff from the oven to see whether it will "fall." If not, the others may be removed at once to a wire cake rack, to cool. When thoroughly cooled make a small slit in the side of each puff with a thin-bladed knife. Carefully fill with cream filling. Top with frosting.

SCANDINAVIAN CREAM FILLING

1 cup scalded milk
yolks of 4 eggs, slightly beaten
⅔ cup sugar
2 teaspoons gelatin
½ cup cold milk
4 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon (scant) almond extract

Scald the cup of milk in top of double boiler. Beat together the yolks and the sugar. Slowly add the scalded milk. Return to double boiler and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture is smooth and thickened and will coat a silver spoon. Remove from heat, add gelatin which has soaked 5 minutes in the cold milk. Stir until gelatin has dissolved; add butter, stir until melted. Add flavoring. Chill in refrigerator until thickened. Use as filling for cream puffs.

BITTERSWEET FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 teaspoon butter
1 tablespoon glycerine
2 tablespoons water
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar

Place chocolate, butter, glycerine and water in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water until chocolate has melted. Remove from heat. Stir until blended. Add vanilla. Stir in the confectioners' sugar gradually, then add a little boiling water, drop by drop, until frosting is of the right consistency to spread. Spread on puffs with a knife dipped in warm water.

● *Millard Sheets, noted American painter, pictures the century-old hospitality of friendly Hawaii — when natives greeted visitors from across the sea with luscious fruits.*



Happy Holidays from Hawaii

Greet them zestfully
with DOLE Pineapple Juice — rich in
natural fruit sugars



DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE
FROM HAWAII

MOVIE REVIEWS



★★★★ If I Were King

A happy combination of gayety and wit, romance and excitement, "If I Were King" also possesses another rare virtue—it is a costume picture that moves. Ronald Colman, a master of swashbuckling roles, was never better. The picture resounds with the swishing of cloaks and the clatter of swords, and it is done with a deft touch which makes it the finest costume picture since "Robin Hood."

The story, based on the play of the same name, is concerned with the somewhat legendary doings of Francois Villon, poet and adventurer of 15th Century France, during the reign of Louis XI. Villon, dashing but ragged friend of the poor, boasts one night in a tavern about what he would do if he were king. He is overheard by the king himself, and is given a chance to prove his theories.

Colman's performance is his best in several years, and his fine reading of the poetic lines is a delight to hear. Basil Rathbone, as the wily king, almost steals the picture. Frances Dee is beautiful and appealing as a lady-in-waiting who eventually wins Villon's love, and Ellen Drew (who made her screen debut in "Sing, You Sinners") contributes a lusty emotional performance as a girl of the streets who also loves Villon. The supporting cast is excellent. Directed by Frank Lloyd.—*Paramount.*



★★★ Boys Town

"Boys Town" is a direct appeal to the emotions, and a preview audience proved the success of its appeal by spontaneous applause throughout its unreeling. A couple of days after you've seen it you may wonder why you liked it so much, but that's not important. What is important is the fact that while you're watching it "Boys Town" will captivate you completely.

You probably know that the story is based on the actual "Boys Town" near Omaha, Nebraska, which was founded by and is still ruled by Father Flanagan. The scenarists have taken much of their material from Father Flanagan's own story—a story of early heartaches and struggle and eventual triumph, a triumph built on Father Flanagan's theory that "there is no bad boy."

Spencer Tracy plays Father Flanagan, and gives one of the greatest performances of his career. Mickey Rooney takes second honors as a recalcitrant young man who resents "Boys Town," and Henry Hull is splendid in the role of a business man who grudgingly aids Father Flanagan. Leslie Fenton, Gene Reynolds, Edward Norris, Frankie Thomas and Bobs Watson also deserve more than passing mention. Directed by Norman Taurog.—*M-G-M.*



★★★ Hold That Co-Ed

Here is the surprise of the season—a college football picture that's really funny. It kids the pants off that noble institution, bigtime football, and at the same time takes deft pokes at politics and turns out to be as funny a comedy as you'll see all season. Movie football takes a big step forward with "Hold That Co-Ed."

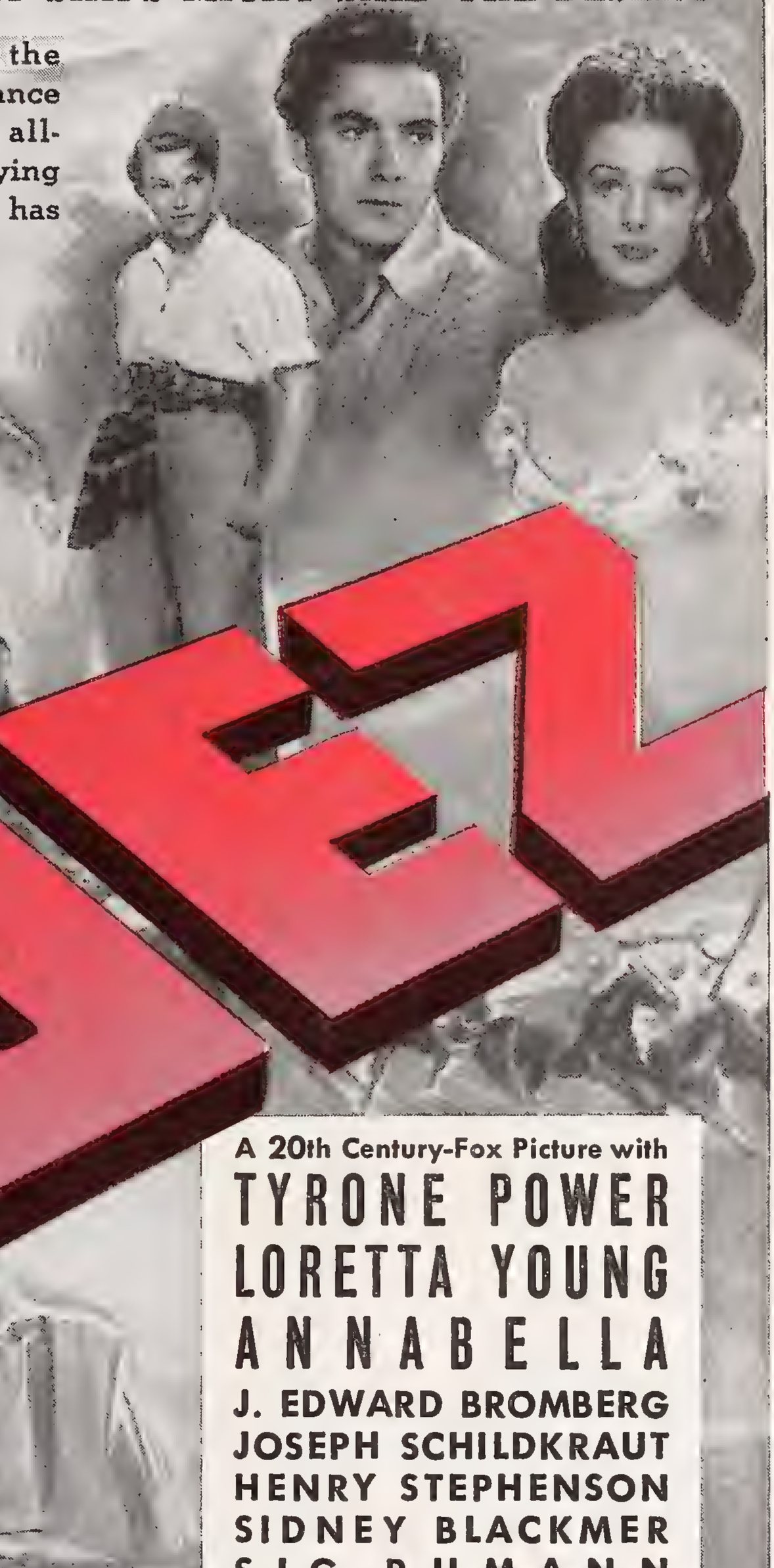
The story centers around a run-down state college which is suddenly boosted to affluence by the governor, who thinks a winning football team will make him a senator. He builds a tremendous stadium, sponsors an all-girl band, hires a couple of wrestlers for the backfield and introduces a new idea by putting a girl on the team. Around this plot has been fashioned a hilarious satire which will rank with the best screen comedies of the year.

John Barrymore is completely delightful as the governor, turning in one of the finest comedy performances of his career. George Murphy and Marjorie Weaver play the romantic leads, and Mr. M. is given a chance to demonstrate his nimble dancing when he isn't busy making love to Miss Weaver or coaching good old State. Jack Haley is excellent as the governor's secretary, Joan Davis is funny as a girl football hero, the supporting cast is outstanding. Directed by George Marshall.—*20th Century-Fox.*

BY LEO TOWNSEND

DRIVEN BY THE LOVE OF TWO WOMEN . . .
HE TORE CONTINENTS APART THAT SHIPS MIGHT SAIL THE DESERT!

De Lesseps—whose flaming genius built the Suez Canal...living again his blazing romance . . . conquering the twisting, torturing, all-destroying black simoon! A climax of terrifying power! Spectacle and emotion the screen has never captured before!





A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

TYRONE POWER
LORETTA YOUNG
ANNABELLA
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
HENRY STEPHENSON
SIDNEY BLACKMER
SIG RUMANN
MAURICE MOSCOVICH
NIGEL BRUCE
MILES MANDER
GEORGE ZUCCO

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
in Charge of Production

Directed by Allan Dwan • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson • Based on a story by Sam Duncan

Production miracles performed in the desert for this great picture...into which 20th Century-Fox poured all its vast resources . . . Darryl F. Zanuck all his skill!

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURES

★★ Too Hot to Handle

"Too Hot to Handle" is the first feature-length glorification of the newsreel cameraman and, if some of the exploits of these gallant gentlemen seem slightly incredible, you can blame that condition on the fact that the movies are sometimes guilty of exaggeration for the sake of drama. Up to now no one knew the newsreel business harbored such glamorous characters as Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Walter Pidgeon, but this trio of expert troupers will make most audiences feel that newsreel people take heorics as a matter of course, disaster and tragedy as part of the day's work.

Gable and Pidgeon are rival newsreel men in China when the picture opens, and most of their time is spent on phoney stunts and faked stories, all of which will undoubtedly make all of us more skeptical of our newsreels from now on. Miss Loy enters their lives through one of these stunts, and stays with them through a series of hectic adventures comparable only to the daily thrills enjoyed by a movie newspaperman. As a matter of fact, "Too Hot to Handle" will remind you of newspaper films, but it is made different by the simple substitution of a camera for a typewriter. In place of the usual screaming movie managing editors, they have substituted newsreel bureau managers who scream just as loud.

This reviewer doesn't feel that the picture comes up to the recent and somewhat similar "Test Pilot," but it has action and melodrama and heroics galore, and the majority of people will like it. Gable and Pidgeon are ideally cast, Miss Loy is somewhat less sparkling than usual, and there are fine performances by Leo Carrillo and Walter Connolly in the supporting cast. Directed by Jack Conway. —*M-G-M.*

★★ Room Service

With an outlay of $250,000 for the story (rights to the successful Broadway play) and another $250,000 for the services of the Marx Brothers, RKO has a tremendous investment in this film. The picture's chances of showing a profit are slender, for it will not live up to audiences' expectations. Instead of the usual riotous Marx Brothers' antics, "Room Service" is a comparatively sane piece which allows the brothers little opportunity to indulge in the brand of nonsense which has made them famous. It would have been a good picture for a cast of ordinary mortals, but for the Marxes it was a mistake.

As a broken-down Broadway producer living on the cuff in a hotel managed by his brother-in-law, Groucho has more chance to strut his stuff than either Harpo or Chico. The Groucho lope and the Groucho leer are there, but the gags to go with them are missing. Harpo and Chico have little to do, and don't even get a whack at a harp or a piano. Frank Albertson is excellent as a playwright awed by the big city, Donald MacBride almost steals the picture in the role of an apoplectic hotel auditor, and Philip Loeb furnishes rich comedy as a bill collector with a Caspar Milquetoast complex. Ann Miller and Lucille Ball are capable and charming as a couple of girls who seem to be in the cast because someone thought there ought to be a couple of girls in it. If you're a Marx fan you can retain your standing by skipping this one. William Seiter directed.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★ Mr. Doodle Kicks Off

The fun starts before the kick-off—for it's a Joe Penner picture. And for anyone with a Penner penchant it's a natural. Joe isn't such hot shakes in football but makes up for it by swinging a mean baton in bands at jitterbug jamborees. However, as far as his father's concerned, Joe's just a blot on the family scutcheon unless he attains fame on the football field. Being a million-dollar-a-year man, the pater plunks down two hundred thousand dollars bribe money to the college coaches in order to make an All-American of his offspring.

But it looks as if he can't even make a Joe College out of him. However, to keep peace Joe finally quits the night-clubbing and goes in for higher learning and tackling technique. To say that he takes a beating is putting it mildly. Joe's practically reduced to a pulp and would gladly throw it all over in favor of ping-pong except for the intervention of a co-ed cutie, June Travis, who instils the old fight in Joe's battered frame. The climax, when Joe saves the day and the family name through no fault of his own, is worth getting in on. In the supporting cast competent characterizations are offered by George Irving, Richard Lane, Billy Gilbert and June Travis. Directed by Leslie Goodwins.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★ Campus Confessions

Another "rah rah" picture of college capers, this one turns out to be surprisingly acceptable film fare. First and foremost, credit for this phenomenon should be given Hank Luisetti, that champ basket-

(*Continued on page 95*)

Here is the New Linit Complexion Mask

IN FOUR QUICK STEPS

***1st STEP**
Mixing Takes a Minute



2nd STEP
Applying Takes a Minute



3rd STEP
Resting For 20 Minutes



4th STEP
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FOR HONEYMOON HANDS

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HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM



This is the way the studio camera treats Robert Taylor. Pretty nice, eh?



But this is the way he actually looks when the "candid" gets to work.

LET'S ASSUME for the sake of our story that there is a "warrant out" for Bob Taylor. For what? Were there ever any specific charges? Did he ever offend good taste? Was he ever exhibitionistic? Promiscuous in his romances? A problem child to his studio? Obviously, no. Then what? Then, it seems, he is "too handsome." So far as we can ascertain that seems to be the only complaint, thinly veiled, against Taylor. Which, considering that he works in a pictorial medium, in which producers and public alike are a-hunger and a-thirst for more Taylors and Powers, seems singularly feeble, not to say down-right contrary.

In the good old days of the movies we rejoiced over a Barrymore profile, a "too beautiful" Barbara La Marr, the exoticism of Valentino, the "handsomest male face in the world" of Richard Barthelmess. True, it was said that men "didn't like" Valentino. There is probably something of resentment in both men and women when a very handsome man meets their eyes. The men are, plainly, jealous. The women, although subconsciously, may resent the fact that their own Toms and Dicks and Harrys cannot compare to the incomparable one. But for the most part, and before the days when Hollywood became the second largest by-line in the world, we considered a woman's beauty and, no less, a man's fine appearance, as assets, not liabilities.

So that if our suspicions in Hollywood are correct and if the implied complaint against Taylor, the vague resentment which occasionally crystallizes into crude and even cruel form, has to do with the looks God gave him, then it is a malfeasance of justice. Because, can he help his looks? What can he do about them? Break his nose? Expose himself to small-pox so as to placate the sling-shot shooters with pock-marks?

What is most unjust of all is that Taylor can not defend himself. If he had become involved in a scandal, he could appear in court and take the stand in his own defense. But he could not, he cannot protest too much, or at all, because God gave him fine features. Now, can he? He can only keep his mouth shut and go his own straight way. Which is precisely what he has done.

I don't suppose a person is ever so well known as he is in his own home town. Especially if the home town is a small town, as is Hollywood. For Hollywood hangs over its back fences counting the pieces of wash on Mrs. Gene Raymond's clothes-line of a Monday morning with a relish which would put any Mrs. Moriarity to shame. Hollywood enjoys nothing so much as a good dish of gossip about that Mr. and Mrs. Tone and why they have separated. Hollywood knows just who was invited to whose latest party and what husbands talked to what wives of what other husbands.

I must report that nothing but good is ever said of Taylor. I report further, that nothing is ever said about Taylor's "looks." No one out here *thinks* about his looks, because his looks are so secondary to his seriousness, his honesty and sportsmanship as to make them, relatively speaking, inconsequential. Hollywood's only comment about the Taylor face is that it usually needs a shave.

Don't forget that you, the fans, see Taylor only when

Bob steps out with his best girl. Of course you know who that is! You're right—Barbara Stanwyck's the lucky lady.

HE'S TOO handsom

You can blame a ma
a splurger or a sh
ask, can he he

BY MARTH



he is playing roles on the screen, characters which you may or may not take to, which he may not take to, but must play because he has no choice in the matter. Or you catch him when he is on exhibition. Every picture star always is. And a well-brought-up young man on exhibition is apt to cut a sorry figure. For none of his instincts tell him what to do. He has not been raised among adder-tongued inquisitors with fangs trained to strike at the weakest spots. His instinct, if he is a normal American youth and is badgered, is to strike out with an uppercut to the jaw and let his hecklers have it.

Arlington Brugh could and would have done just this if he had been subjected to what Robert Taylor was subjected when he was on his way to England a year ago. But if Robert Taylor had obeyed that impulse, what would have happened? After you've seen him in "The Crowd Roars," you can easily imagine what *could* have happened! And then there would have been headlines: "Big Bad Movie Actor Takes Advantage of Little Good Inquisitor Who Only Asked Him What He Thought of His Own Looks." Yes, if Taylor had let loose with that relentless right of his the story certainly would have been different!

So it is that Taylor could do or say nothing in his own defense when and if he needed defense. And so it is that I tell you the truth about Taylor as we in Hollywood know it, and he probably won't thank me for it.

One of the most important things to realize about Bob is that by heredity and upbringing he never belonged to Hollywood. For Bob was raised to believe that it's what a fellow is and does that counts. The men he was raised with in Nebraska, his own doctor father, the farmers and ranchers, didn't give a hoot for the way they looked. A man got well or died whether Dr. Brugh had shaved that morning or not. Corn grew strong or withered whether the rancher's profile resembled a Greek god's or Boris Karloff in make-up. The best that was ever said of Bob in Nebraska was that "Doc Brugh's boy is a likely-looking lad." It was what Doc Brugh's boy could do with a horse, a plough, as a handy man, that counted. And so Bob was not "conditioned" to the Hollywood, the photographic estimate of a man.

Here nobody thinks anything about Taylor's looks. Here we take him on his own ground as did those farmers in Nebraska. We know that he lives on his ranch in the San Fernando Valley. He raises alfalfa. He has seven horses. He ropes calves. He has the strength of an ox—and the indifference of the same. He spends almost every evening on his ranch or at Marwyck, with Barbara Stanwyck. They listen to the radio. They talk horses and crops with Neighbor Gable and Neighbor Warren William. Bob's only off-evenings are when he goes to the fights or when he and Barbara go dancing.

There has never been a star who takes so little advantage of the over-privileges this young man might so easily claim. It is something to remember that in his few years in Hollywood, Bob has "gone with" but two girls, Irene Hervey and Barbara Stanwyck. This should presuppose a singleness of heart and of purpose, a strong strain of loyalty. It does prove that there is nothing of the Casanova in Robert Taylor.

There is no she-she about (*Continued on page 93*)

IRENE Dunne's TRUE LIFE STORY

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT

The absorbing human drama

A HAZEL-EYED demure little girl of less than three summers tugged at the hand of her father as he sat reading in his big armchair by the fire.

"Daddy, I want to walk and see the prites. Please, daddy."

The big man smiled indulgently at his serious faced small daughter.

"Yes, darling, we'll walk if you wish, but what about the prites?"

"The prites, daddy, the pretty prites. Irene wants to see them."

It was some time before a bewildered father and mother realized that what their prodigy wanted to see were the bright lights or "pretty" lights of Louisville, Kentucky's main thoroughfare where went on such night life as existed in this Ohio River town of thirty years ago.

But the request of their daughter, even ough couched so distinctly and emphatically, ve them no premonition that she was des- later to blazon her own name—Irene —in electric lights the world over.

t ambition, crystal sharp and clear as hts, was to propel this child, brought charming lackadaisical atmosphere v Ohio and Mississippi River valley irls' futures were entwined with ers, moonlight evenings and

s her first camera— s to like it!



behind the success of one of Hollywood's loveliest and most talented stars

soft-spoken flattering suitors—that ambition was to bring Irene to the dramatic, brittle and exacting faraway world of show business.

Nor was Irene, as she went through her growing-up pains, conscious of the deeply buried instinct which was to urge her away from prosaic small town life to Broadway and then Hollywood.

"I always just coasted along," she says. "I am ashamed when I look back at my youth and realize how little I planned ahead and how much time I gave to fun and pretty clothes. But—I had a good time."

She did have a good time. That was what was intended for her by adoring parents. She had an elegant, skylarking childhood with games and friends and picnics and Fourth of July celebrations which were the envy of all her young companions.

When she was in her teens, her mother sent Irene to Memphis for a social season and there she had a wonderful whirl—new dresses, dances, teas and—beaux. She was the belle of the town. She could have married any one of a dozen gallant young southern gentlemen, and settled down as a wife in the Old South.

But she didn't. Always deep within Irene something struggled to escape. Something strong and dramatic and pushing. Something which meant combat in the outside world instead of domesticity and society with a capital S in Memphis or St. Louis or even Indiana.

For an understanding of the Irene Dunne of today, you have to go back to before she was born. For, like all individuals possessing more than superficial qualities, her roots are deep and it is her background which tells why and how she thinks, what has gone into her makeup, what prejudices, fires, moods and ambitions and desires motivate her.

Irene's mother was Adelaide Henry, born in Newport, Kentucky, and brought up in Madison, Indiana, one of a family of four girls and a boy. Irene's grandfather built the boats which carried the freight and passengers up and down the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers and the family, although not wealthy, always lived comfortably. Adelaide was given a fine musical education and was known as one of the gifted pianists of the country.

Irene Dunne's father was big, tall, handsome, dashing, black-mustached Irish Joseph J. Dunne of Louisville. He was a U. S. supervising inspector of steam boats and he met Adelaide quite formally through her father, and, as the tale has been told to Irene, promptly fell in love. During his courtship, he thought nothing of driving the fifty miles from Louisville to Madison behind a spanking team of horses to keep his Saturday night dates. In due time, they were married with much ceremony in a church wedding at eight o'clock in the morning.

Adelaide was voted the prettiest bride in the whole countryside and Joe the handsomest and luckiest bridegroom. It was in a day when marriages were meant to last, when husbands and wives were supposed always to love one another and there is no doubt but what the trust and affection which did exist between her parents made a deep impression upon Irene and influenced her later when she toyed with the idea of getting married.

At two, all dressed up to see the birdie again. She looks interested in a camera even then.



Here's where Grandma lived in Madison, where Irene spent part of her childhood.





Irene's father, Joseph Dunne, from whom she inherited a sense of fun.

All set for the footlight fray—during those early career days in Atlanta.

Irene and her mother, the late Adelaide Dunne, were great and inseparable friends.



Irene was born in a modest frame house at 507 East Gray Street, Louisville. She was a first child. A brother, Charles, was to arrive two years later.

One of the four devoted aunts suggested the name Irene for the new baby. Another aunt, leaning over the crib, where the tiny morsel of pink and red flesh wriggled and gurgled, exclaimed: "Oh, what a little lady-baby!" And so she was.

Irene has never been able to escape from that tag of lady, which she first received when a bawling infant in diapers. It stuck to her all through her childhood and, no matter how much of a minx or flirt she was as she grew into the age of masculine attention, there was always present in her personality that elusive quality first noted by her doting aunt.

Even today when she goes rowdily comic in some of her pictures—as witness the hot-cha shuffle dance in "Show Boat," the drinking scene in "The Awful Truth," and her skating scenes in "The Joy of Living," people are startled because they invariably associate only lady-like qualities with Irene Dunne.



At an early age Charlie influenced his pretty, big sister.



The parasol is the item in this picture of which our star was pretty proud. Note the tilt of the chin and curve of the wrist. An actress even then!

Irene met and fought through her first life crisis when she was two weeks old. Somehow or another, she caught the sniffles. The sniffles developed into a lung cold and the lung cold into a serious case of pneumonia. Now, as everybody knows, a tiny baby of fourteen days hasn't much chance of pulling through pneumonia.

There came a moment when the doctor gave up hope. But the nurse who had been with Adelaide Henry Dunne when Irene came into the world insisted there was yet a fighting spark in the baby. "I know she is not intended to die," said the stalwart woman. So she knelt over the baby, and with a precious relic in her hand, the nurse prayed and prayed.

Irene lived. The doctor said it was a miracle. Whatever it was, faith and Irene's spunk triumphed. From then on, she knew little of illness. She grew into a healthy child with her mother's gift for music.

Her father, the jolly man with the lilting Irish ways, loved to sing while her mother played accompaniments. The old ballads were his favorites. As soon as Irene could hang on to the side of a piano, she made the third of a trio which had a whale of a time going into such sentimental numbers as "Home to the Mountains," Bartlett's "Dream" or "Last Night I was Dreaming of Thee, Dear, was Dreaming." Hours spent like this were red-letter ones to little Irene.

But any hours spent with good looking, vital Joseph Dunne were important to Irene. She adored her father, and being told that she was exactly like him made her very proud. It still does.

Joseph Dunne was an exceptional person. Although he died when Irene was eleven, she remembers him vividly and the things he told her to do.

"He made me love life," says Irene speaking of him. "He was so much fun and he always had so much vitality. He was gay and merry and he was terribly popular with all of my friends. One of his best friends was a manufacturer of fireworks and every Fourth of July we had a party with rockets and shooting arrows and giant crackers to which all the children were invited and which practically set me up for a whole year.

"I will never forget a trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans with Father and Mother in one of the old river boats. We had the captain's suite and because of my father's position everything imaginable was done to make us feel important. I was so excited. I loved the boat and the lazy river, and I liked to watch the darkies unloading and loading the freight."

The color and charm of that and other voyages down the turgid, yellow waters of the broad Mississippi, the singing of the colored boys in the mellow, early evenings, the splash of the water against the paddle wheels, are rich and treasured memories to Irene. And her father, "Captain" Dunne as he was known from Minneapolis to New Orleans, related many fascinating stories of life in the bayous and on the boats. To these Irene would listen by the hour, spell-bound.

But Captain Dunne not only had great charm. He had the gift of commanding respect. Says Irene:

"My father was definitely the head of the family. My mother looked to him for decisions. We, my brother Charles and I, knew there was no appeal from his authority. For all his jollity and good nature, he never forgot to emphasize the importance of character and integrity. He wanted us to be good—really good.

"The day before he died—he was sick for about a year and he knew that he was going to leave us—he called me into the bedroom, held me in his arms and talked to me a long time. I can remember his using the word morality, repeating it and telling me that (*Continued on page 82*)



Walter Pidgeon, the guy who looks down at the girl from his six-foot-three with a certain something in his eye, seems to enjoy life best when he's telling a story on himself.



Gorilla

TAKE HIM — AND LIKE IT

Pidgeon's a bird who brags about his luck and worries about—nothing! But he's getting there just the same

TROUBLE WITH me is, I have no story. My luck's been too good. Never had the fun of worrying over the gas bill or hiding under the bed when the landlady knocked. Missed a lot, I know, and here I'm missing the chance of a juicy writeup. But what can I do? I have no story."

It was Metro's new heart-throb, Walter Pidgeon, talking—the guy who looks down at the girl from his six-foot-three with a certain something in his eyes that makes you wonder how long she can keep from flopping into his arms. Having just been told that the studio would buy his lunch in return for an interview, he was meditating strange combinations of all the expensive dishes he could find on the menu.



Once a broker, Walter is now entirely devoted to his daughter and his acting career. Here he's with Mary Astor and Freddie Bartholomew in his latest success, "Listen, Darling."

"How about filet mignon, garnished with lobster, and a small squab on the side? Just how far can I go under my contract?"

A theatrical agent would tab him "man of the world"—for his lean good looks, his ease of manner, the half smile in his eyes, amused, imperious, caressing. His screen personality suggests that combination of mastery and tenderness which has been the feminine ideal since the days of Eve. Off-screen, there is also apparent a lightness of touch in his dealings with people, a gay good will that embraces the world, and knows no difference between the girl who waits on him and the executive who stops for a word in passing.

"Where was I?" He was attacking his steak. "Oh, yes. Nothing ever happens to me. I went on the stage, Joe Schenck brought me out for silents, I went back to the stage, I came out to do musicals for Warners', musicals took a nose dive, I was out on my ear. I went back to the stage, Wanger offered me a couple of pictures, Universal signed me, Metro bought my contract, and here I am. If you can find any excitement in that, you're welcome to it. I didn't.

"I figure it this way. If Metro kicks me out, there are other studios. If they all kick me out, I can go back to the stage. Sure it can happen. It's happened before. After all, there are lots of guys around, and I'm being paid pretty good dough. Which opens up another angle." He grinned broadly. "The more kids they bring out here from New York, the more room that leaves for me on the stage. So why worry?

"All that worries me is keeping my health, so I can go on working. I can always find something to do. Good Lord, I have to. I've got a youngster coming along who wants fur coats and sports cars and trips to Honolulu and Europe. Mind you, I'm not saying she gets everything she wants. But I would like to start her off on the right foot toward taking care of herself. Mind if I talk about her?

"She's long and lanky like me, and she looks like her mother. Just now she's crazy about painting. When other kids curl up in a corner to read, she's off with her palette. They tell me that's a great game to starve to death on. I wouldn't know. When the time comes, I'll send her to a friend of mine in the East, man her mother worked with. He's the kind who'd say right off the bat, 'Walter, you want this kid to have

(*Continued on page 74*)

BY IDA ZEITLIN

BY JAMES CARSON

She has the romance routine down pat and gladly passes it on to you



Tyrone Power, Loretta Young and Joseph Schildkraut all appear together in "Suez."

Love AND LORETTA

THERE ARE people who feel sorry for Loretta Young. Actually. Loretta may be beautiful. She may be famous. She may be clever. She may be earning a handsome salary. She may have more friends than almost any other girl in Hollywood. Yet there are people who feel sorry for her because she isn't married.

Offhand, it might seem more sensible to pity the eligible bachelors who haven't been able to persuade her into matrimony. Or to pity a few other glamor girls who are married to the wrong men. But no. They take it upon themselves to pity Loretta.

"It's a shame," they say, "that, after working so hard all these years, Loretta hasn't yet found happiness."

That's what they say. What they think may be something else again. "It's a shame," they may think, "that Loretta doesn't get married, and go out of circulation, so that some of the other girls can have a chance to get themselves married."

Loretta not only isn't married. She is distractingly single. There's the rub.

No telephone in Hollywood rings more often than hers. She hasn't suffered any lack of willing suitors. Actors, directors, writers and just plain millionaires have begged her to choose among them.

The fact that Loretta hasn't chosen would seem to indicate that she isn't matrimonially inclined.

But, sadly shaking their heads, people ask, "*Why* isn't she marriage-minded?"

There must be an answer for that one. What is it?

Loretta's own crisp, with-a-smile answer is: "I guess I just haven't been lucky. I haven't met the only man for me. When I do meet him, I'll marry him." It's as simple as that to Loretta.

Still smiling, she adds, "I know a few girls who gave up waiting for love, and married for companionship, and seem to be happy. But I'm still holding out for love. I can't see any other reason for marrying.

"I certainly don't have loneliness for a reason. I have three sisters, all of whom are very close to me—and a young mother, who is as close as a sister. I have a few friends who are also very close, and a number of acquaintances who are very companionable. And—there's Judy."

(Loretta's whole life nowadays revolves around blonde, brown-eyed, two-year-old Judy. She even does her vacationing within her own four walls. She can't travel with Judy until the adoption papers are final, and she would rather stay home than go traveling without that very lucky young lady.)

"I'm not tired of supporting myself, and anxious to have somebody else take over the burden. I don't have that for a reason for marrying," Loretta continues. "I already have a meal ticket. I earned it myself. And a home. And all the other material possessions I could possibly want.

"No, I'm afraid it will have to be love, to tempt me into marriage.

"I don't have any theories about when, or where, or how the marrying kind of love will come into my life. All I have is a sublime faith that some day it *will* come along, and make everything else seem trivial and unimportant. I'm not going around looking for it. Love isn't something *you* find. Love is something that finds *you*."

But there is such a thing as encouraging love and discouraging it. She wouldn't have been discouraging it, for some reason? She wouldn't have let the impression get around that she was strictly a career girl, independent of the male of the species?

Loretta shakes her head. "I'm not a career girl—never have been, and never will be. I don't have any illusions that a career is the greatest ex- (*Continued on page 86*)





There are people who feel sorry for Loretta Young—because she isn't married. Or is that the reason?

David Niven is one of Loretta's "once-in-a-whiles." And very happy to be, too —as who wouldn't!



Left, Bob Burns with Fay Bainter and Jean Parker in his new picture, "Arkansas Traveler." Bob plays the same kind of home-spun philosopher that he really is.

Bob Burns tried everything from river-boat piloting to civil engineering before he finally realized his ambition to go on the stage. Even then success came slowly.

Right, Bob Burns and his second wife, who was also once his secretary. There's a new baby in the Burns' household, too, as you've probably heard tell.

BY MARY MAYES

GRANDPA SNAZZY'S *grandson*



BOB BURNS hasn't a single blood relative living in Crawford County, Arkansas. There really is a Crawford County. There also really is a Van Buren. It has upwards of six thousand inhabitants, and most inhabitants of the gender feminine are marvelous cooks. Some of the inhabitants of the gender masculine are pretty good cooks, too, among them former-inhabitant Bob Burns. He says he can cook almost anything, now that he can afford to buy good ingredients.

Time was (on a first venture into Cinemaland, which was bleak, blue and almost entirely unsalaried) when the only ingredients for any Burns meal were eggs. And then only because Robin and his first wife, Betty, had been shrewd enough to raise a few hens. I quote from one of the poet Burns' exclusive biographies, published in his home town paper, the Van Buren *Press Argus*: "Eggs were nickels, and California hens didn't lay any faster in the Burns backyard than they did in the Ozark Mountains."

Me and the magazine could be sued and put in jail together, I suppose, for that measly little quote, because the whole durn Bob Burns Edition of the *Press Argus* was copyrighted. But me and the magazine feel quite safe, because the paper loves Bob Burns and a suit might be considered unfair publicity for him. That's the way they feel about Bob in Van Buren, Ark.

And it isn't only because his name and fame have brought trade-stimulating tourists to the little town, either. Why, they love him so much that they wouldn't even give away his right age in the afore-mentioned special edition. So I'm not going to tell, either, because I don't know for sure and, as the wife of another famous Burns says, "Who cares so long as you're healthy?"

The Burn family (the "s," as you know, was legally added later) lived in a boat house. It seems that, before the war between the states, a large boat named the "Resolute" plied the Arkansas River. One day it saw fit to sink, right between Van Buren and Fort Smith, the metropolis directly across the river.

One Mr. Hayman thriftily bought the good lumber salvaged from the boat, and built three small houses on Broadway. This was way back in 1858. The three houses —staunchly constructed, but gingerbready in design— were inevitably and forever known as the boat houses.

Across the street from the Burns lived the Sadlers. Anna Sadler (nowadays dinning knowledge into young Van Buren in the new Sophie Meier High School) was an inseparable playmate of Robin and his brother Farrar, two years older than our hero.

"There sits the only person who ever whipped Bob Burns!" was the dramatic wind-up of a fine speech made by editor Hugh Park of the *Argus* one day last year at the Dallas Fair. A sea of eyes turned to follow the Park forefinger, expecting to find some giant there. The eyes beheld, instead, a mere woman, blushing a little at this unaccustomed attention. (*Continued on page 78*)



Here's the home-town

lowdown on the poet

Burns, bazooka-ist

extraordinaire

When his home-town mandolin orchestra felt the need of more bass, brass and body, Bob Burns invented the bazooka out of a plumber's pipe and a funnel. Here's the inventor with his latest model.

Joan will talk for hours about Dick, Norman or Baby Ellen. But herself? That's different.

THAT GIRL'S Back

A husband and two babies keep most girls busy—but not Joan Blondell

BY JAMES REID

FOR THE FIRST time in months, Joan Blondell was feeling the heat of the arc lights, hearing the clang of the "quiet" bell, seeing the inside of a sound-stage. She was sitting on the sidelines of Dick Powell's set, watching Dick do a comedy scene.

It was a good scene, fast and funny. But Joan wasn't able to enjoy it. She wasn't able to relax and be just a spectator. She was sitting tense, one foot wrapped around her other ankle. In spirit, she was right in there with the boys, pitching those lines back and forth, praying there wouldn't be a slip-up.

After the scene was finally on film, she treated herself to a deep sigh, leaned back, and said, with a baffled shake of the head, "I don't know—it looks awfully hard. How did I ever use to do it? How will I ever do it again?"

But she will do it again. Under pressure, she will even admit that she'll probably be around for "The Gold Diggers of 1960."

She may be, happily, Mrs. Dick Powell. She may be a happy mother, twice over. Just to step on a movie set may tie her nerves in hard knots. Just to hear the clang of a "quiet bell" may give her chills and jitters. But Joan hasn't a thought of retiring, now or ever.

When she stepped off the screen last February for a blessed event, people wondered if she might also be stepping off for keeps.

"No," says Joan briskly. "No. I was just taking a rest. My rests always seem to come with babies. Unless you want to count the three weeks I had off when I had my appendix out. I couldn't arrange that between pictures. I had to head for the hospital right in the middle of one. And just as soon as I was able to sit up in bed, the director had a crew of forty-eight men, more or less, up in my bedroom, to shoot the end of the picture. They rewrote the entire end of the story just so that I could be propped up in bed for the final clinch.

"The studio sent out photos showing me finishing the picture in bed, and the papers wouldn't use them. They thought it was a fancy gag that the publicity department had dreamed up.

"But"—Joan closes her eyes eloquently—"it actually happened.

"Appendicitis gave me only three weeks off. I did a little better when Norman came. I got four months then. (He was in four pictures before he was born, even so.) This is the longest I've ever been away from work—six months. And every minute of the time out was worth it. We've got something awfully cute in our Ellen.

NO, WE didn't name her after anybody. We picked 'Ellen' out of the blue. And it seemed to sound all right with Powell. Dick wanted her to be named 'Joan,' but I wouldn't hear of it. I wanted her to get off to a nice clean start.

"She's the image of Dick; Norman looks like me. I'm trying to get some curls on Dick for a few seconds, so I can see what she'll look like when she gets some hair. You might say, as I shouldn't, that she's the super-baby of all time. She stood up at seven weeks—grabbed onto the bars of her bassinet and pulled herself upright. She has Dick's vitality and pep. The two of them can keep going all day long. Me, I give out. My kind of pep is the galloping-nerves kind. Theirs is different."

Let Joan once get wound up, and she will unwind for hours about Dick and Norman and Ellen, and say nary a word about her public career as an actress. This being so, how does she explain her not "resting" from it indefinitely?

"They'd have to stand over me with a club to get me to rest," Joan says. "I wouldn't know what to do with myself, not working. (*Continued on page* 80)

Joan and Dick Powell have proven that two careers plus two babies can equal success and happiness.



Joan with Robert Paige, Mary Astor and Lester Matthews in her last before her "rest," "There's Always a Woman."





"I may play the fool most of the time, but not while I'm acting," says David. Remember him with Pauline Moore in "Three Blind Mice?"



One of the few eligible bachelors in Hollywood, David squires the cream of the crop. Olivia De Havilland is a favorite.

SOME ARE born pretty boys. They're lucky. And some are born witty boys. They're luckier. Consider, for example, the case of David Niven.

If he had had to depend upon his face to make his fortune, he would be stony broke. And that statement isn't a wisecrack from the sidelines. David says so, himself. He insists that he's an actor today in spite of his face. He won't go so far as to admit that he's an actor because he has a sense of humor. But it's true, nevertheless.

His screen career isn't all luck, as he claims. He did happen to meet the right people—people who thought he had screen possibilities. But if he hadn't amused those people, they never would have thought so. And if he hadn't been so amusing between scenes, no sane producer would have allowed him on a movie set. He was that ghastly, in the beginning, as an actor.

If he had taken his first film test seriously, and hadn't risked a facetious dig at all film-test directors and thus given Samuel Goldwyn a guffaw, Sam never would have signed him to a contract. David still would be among the anonymous, a footloose soldier of fortune.

Now look at him. Still carefree, but famous. A big enough name to rate second lead in the all-masculine "Dawn Patrol," only one notch below Errol Flynn.

And all because he has a talent for finding life amusing, no matter where he is or what he's doing. All because he operates on the theory: "Life's too short, and everybody's too inhibited."

He laughed his way through a hectic assortment of adventures to the present adventure of acting. And, after three and a half years of *that,* he's still able to laugh—even at himself.

To begin at the beginning: he was born in one of the last places on earth where you would expect a whimsical worldling to originate. The stork, with complete disregard for the Niven future, deposited him in a sleepy little village in inner Scotland, named Kirriemuir.

TO COMPLICATE MATTERS, he was born into a home that respected the good, old, solid British tradition that a son follows his father's profession. David's father was an Army man, whom he can just remember. The memory ties in with his earliest scrape. "On an exploring expedition, I had crawled underneath the netting that protected the family strawberry plants. My father caught me by the seat of the pants through the net and applied discipline then and there. Particularly there."

His father was killed in the War. His mother moved to England, and David, going to school there, lost whatever Scotch burr he may have had and acquired an English accent. Steeped in family tradition, and idealizing his lost father, he prepared for Sandhurst, the English West Point.

When he was ready, he was only seventeen. Sandhurst had a rule that an entrant had to be seventeen and a half. Tall even then and innocent-looking even then, he circumvented the rule. It was the first time he ever talked his way into anything. Since then, he has also become adept at talking his way out of anything.

Don't laugh at David's arrival in Hollywood—he was dumped from a ship

WITTY BOY NIVEN

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

Through a hectic assortment of adventures to the present adventure of acting, the Niven sense of humor has been David's chief asset.



At Sandhurst, for lack of something more amusing to do, he went out for amateur theatricals. "They appealed to my sense of farce. The acting was that crude, and the 'heroines' were that enormous. Participating in the productions, I was, like everybody else, unintentionally funny." But that wasn't enough for David. He turned author long enough to write a show that would be not only crude, but mad. Moreover, the boys put on the show and it was an instantaneous, howling success.

The British turn cadets into officers faster than we do. A year and a half after David entered Sandhurst, he exited. He was assigned to a regiment on the Mediterranean island of Malta, than which there is only one place hotter. There isn't a tree on the island and the only breeze is the hot *sirocco,* steaming up from Africa. The life of a soldier there would turn most men into stoics. It turned David into a convivial conversationalist. Light talk made the heat less heavy.

One of the delights of life in Malta was his orderly, Private McEwen. "He was like something out of P. G. Wodehouse, except that his uniform was military and his name for his employer was 'Messieur.' He had a tender solicitude for my welfare. One time, when we faced a broiling march, (*Continued on page 76*)

into a film company launch

IS JEAN ARTHUR *really*

BY FAITH SERVICE

PROTECTIVE COLORATION, I thought, looking at Jean, feeling that if I didn't keep my eyes focused on her she might blend with the landscape and disappear altogether. We were sitting in the garden of her Brentwood home drinking afternoon tea. I watched her closely. For the shyness of Jean, her retiringness and evasiveness, have become part of the Hollywood folk-lore.

I thought of the day the studio previewed "You Can't Take It With You" and how Jean sat in the back row of the projection room clutching her husband's hand. And how, after the showing, we all filed out full of admiration for one of the best pictures anyone of us could remember seeing. And how later, I spoke to Frank Ross, Jean's husband, and asked him whether Jean wasn't feeling terrifically happy about it.

He said that she was moved and excited by the picture, knew that it was great, that she was proud as a peacock to have been in it. But, he added, she was not happy about herself, didn't like her voice in spots, didn't like the way she had photographed.

Jean says one thing; her husband, another! At that, they might both have the answer

And then Frank said, with that sure understanding of Jean which must be her strongest prop and greatest source of happiness, "Jean is not essentially a happy person, you know. She is not in any way a Pollyanna. She is never satisfied with herself. You have to have quite a lot of self-satisfaction to be the 'happy type,' don't you think?"

The day I went to have tea with Jean, Frank drove me to the house. On the way, he told me an anecdote which is as illuminative as anything I have ever heard about her. They had recently attended the out-of-town preview of "There Goes My Heart," the picture starring Fredric March and Virginia Bruce. As they came out of the theatre, autograph seekers bore down on Jean and surrounded her. Later, driving home, she had said to him suddenly, "Do you suppose they could have thought I was Virginia Bruce?" It didn't occur to her that the fans might be wanting her autograph.

But this shyness, this inferiority complex which so flourishes in her private life that she has no public life, does not in any way touch or affect her work. As a private person, she is uncertain of herself. But as an actress, she is completely sure. For the instant Jean Arthur steps onto a sound stage, she is dominant, self-possessed, handling the tools of her craft expertly and effortlessly. She knows that she is the character she is playing, having shed the shy sheath of Jean Arthur.

Nor does her shyness and timidity affect the integrity which can—and did—throw away a fortune for the sake of a conviction. It may be a paradox to find such timidity and such integrity joining equal forces in one small girl of five feet, four inches, weighing a mere one hundred and ten pounds. But there it is. For when Jean had "difficulties" with her studio a year ago she did, indeed, throw away a fortune. She threw away one year of her working life. And it takes strength and integrity forged of steel to toss a fortune over your shoulder in these days. A gentle little creature compounded only of wistfulness and whimsy would not have had this strength.

For Jean left Hollywood a little more than a year ago. She left without a contract, without knowing whether she would ever return. She went to Carmel, in the northern part of the state, and rented a cottage there. Her mother was with her, her husband went up for week-ends. And there she stayed for months, taking long walks or just sitting on the beach doing nothing, "not even thinking" she told me. She said, "I was completely worn out, more mentally than physically. I'd made six pictures in a year, which are three too many—for me.

"The argument with the studio was, of course, nerve-racking to me. I was absolutely numb for a year—so numb and depleted that I *could* just sit. I didn't even read. Then, after some months in Carmel, Mother and I went to the Yosemite for more months of solitude. I had planned to go to New York to see the plays, which I love. But I didn't even get around to doing that. I stayed close to the sea and the woods.

"Then I came back and the 'difficulties' were all adjusted and I signed a new three-year contract which calls for only two pictures a year and permission to make one picture a year at some other studio."

I asked, "Have you any special ambition to do any particular story or part?"

"Oh, I have an actress' usual complex of wanting to play everything from 'Peter Pan' to 'Joan of Arc,'"

I said then, "You know, it seems a pity that you can't get more fun out of your success. I remember asking Lawrence Tibbett once whether he enjoyed being famous and he blew out his chest and thumped it and said, "I love it! I love to walk along the streets and know that people are staring at me and saying, 'There goes Lawrence Tibbett!' I get a big wam out of it."

"Well," said Jean, "I like to be comfortable, that's all. To me, it's agony to be the center of attraction, unless I'm on the stage. When I'm out among people, I like to be 'just another guy.' Believe me, it's a strenuous job to have to live up to the way you look on the screen every day of your life. I asked one of the most beautiful girls on and off the screen how she did it and she said, 'Just work, work, work, and if you don't get a big kick out of it, Jean, it isn't worth it.' It means facials, massage, manicures, hairdressers, dress fittings every day of your life. Well, I just can't do it. And I don't think that an actress has a right to disappoint people.

"We play in pictures which cost thousands of dollars, sometimes more than a million dollars. Huge sums of money are spent to build up a star's personality. The

UNHAPPY?

story, the production values, the camera, make-up, lights, dialogue, all contribute to make her a glamorous personality. We create an illusion when we are on the screen. We should sustain that illusion. We owe it to the studio. We owe it to the public. But we can't be perfectly poised all of the time. Dear knows, I can't. I can't be glamorous like, say, Marlene Dietrich. I haven't the sheer magnificence of Garbo. I just like to be comfortable when I'm not working, so I try to keep out of the public eye as much as it's possible."

Jean Arthur added, "And I'm really as happy as a lark. I'd be an awful 'goop' if I weren't, because I have so much to be happy about. I've got the kind of a husband that doesn't grow on bushes. I'm in the business that I love. I've been able to do things for other people, and I'm as strong as a horse. Because I don't enjoy some of the things that most sophisticates do, doesn't mean that I can't get a tremendous kick out of the things I like to do.

When she steps on a sound stage, Jean feels sure. But in a drawing-room—oh, no! Below, with her husband, Frank Ross.

"I love everything about my work. Research, costumes, hair-do's. I love having friends in for dinner and then sitting around just talking. I work in the garden. I like flowers and I like to learn flower names and their habits. I like to swim and hang around the pool in the sun. I enjoy taking walks in the hills with Frank. I like to take my dog to the beach. I love to go on little trips, camping trips, especially. I don't like big, overstuffed hotels, where you have to 'dress for dinner,' but I love to go to New York to see the shows. I adore New York.

"I'm not very domestic," smiled Jean, "in any big, efficient way. But I like to 'play house' now and then. I like to get dinner for Frank on cook's night out. I get pretty fancy, too. I love frankfurters and hamburgers and bottles of coke and pop and milk nickels and penny candy. And even if I don't count the linens or put up preserves, I'm very particular about the way my house is kept. A speck of dust and there's a big hullaballoo!

"I go to the beauty parlor quite often. I have to," sighed Jean. "My hair . . . it's so hard to handle." (It's like baby hair, soft as silk.) "I have to be in the studio long before most people, so that we can spend plenty of time struggling with it. Even a permanent with me doesn't mean a thing."

I interrupted here to ask, "But if you had to name what you (*Continued on page 97*)



Are You a Hidden

You know you needn't be—so come right out where everyone can see you

BY MARY MARSHALL

IN ADDITION to some pretty snappy, straight-from-the-shoulder talk about taking care of your complexion this winter, plus some hints about winter diet so that you'll eat properly and sufficiently like good girls, plus a few new tips about putting on the war paint, I want to discuss —helpfully, if I can—those vague, nebulous aids to beauty, personality, self-development and self-improvement which do not come in boxes and jars. My unprofessional-looking shorthand notes, if you'd care to have me read them back, remind me that I want to say something about self-confidence and poise, the lack of which can hide beauty like a tent.

Everybody says they're dandy things to have and, if you have 'em, you can get by with a very modest donation from Nature in the way of actual, physical beauty. But nobody tells you much about acquiring 'em! And then, I've been thinking about the tendency of many older girls—married women, particularly—to "let themselves go," and I thought as how I couldn't blame some of them for letting themselves go, but wasn't there something I might say which would help them and pep them up. Also I've been thinking how real young girls might cease to be hidden beauties and come out from under their bushels if only someone offered a helping hand, or if they themselves could be put in the way of seeking a helping hand for themselves. And in this connection, I wanna pen a short plea to mothers; and I want to say something about earning money; and I want to say something about picking out a good model to copy.

Am I talking in riddles? Okay. I'll stop generalizing and get right down to cases.

Putting aside the make-up, the exercises and so on until later, let me try to get down on paper a few things about that desirable but undefined attribute called poise. It is essential to real charm, to success, to popularity. Can it be acquired? Yes! Is it easy to acquire? No! How can you, personally, make a start? Well, I'll make some small suggestions and give you some examples, and if you find anything here which fits your case, I shall be happy.

Do you go around, in your community, with a crowd—a bunch—a gang? A fine thing—a gang—part of the time. Wholesome. Friendly. Nice. But get away from the crowd occasionally. In any group there are leaders and followers. Whether you're the one or the other, you get to depending on this one group, thinking like them, wondering "what the crowd will think" if you do thus and so. It's not good if it's carried too far. I am reminded of an attractive young school teacher I know. She told me she never met any men—never met anybody in whom she'd



Sonja Henie is pretty, but vivacity is the secret of her charm, so she projects pep.



Andrea Leeds gives you a tip on poise—there's nothing finer to uncover hidden beauty.

Beauty?

and show 'em what you've got

be interested. No attractive man ever seemed to be interested in her and yet—looka!—she was pretty, dressed well, and was far from dumb in the head. "Well, sweetie," said I, "get away from Gracie and Dora and Hannah and What's-her-name. You even go on trips and vacations together. If there's anything detrimental to the blooming of sex appeal, individuality and all the rest of it, it is to be ticked off immediately by every male present as one of a 'bunch of old-maid school teachers on a toot.'"

Rule No. 1, then—if you travel in a group—is to get away by yourself occasionally.

Get away from the especially attractive sister—the more-popular-than-you friend from time to time, too. Not permanently, naturally—you needn't snub anybody or hurt anybody's feelings. I'm reminded of Joan Bennett. In the earlier days, Joan, the prettier of the two, was always overshadowed by Connie's superior smartness and sophistication. Joan lost many a beau when the beau set eyes on Connie. After being miserable about the situation for some time, Joan got out and made herself important—away from sister. You, now—make yourself important—give yourself integrity that is yours and yours alone, so that there (*Continued on page 89*)



Ginger Rogers was "discovered" by her mother. Are you harboring a hidden beauty?

Joan Bennett might have been hidden under a bushel all her life if she hadn't determined to make herself important.

NOTHING TO *Say!*

So Fred MacMurray, the original bashful boy, proceeds to say it all!

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

Y'KNOW, I guess I'm just bad copy," Fred MacMurray deplored, by way of explaining himself. "I don't have *much* to say, but I don't seem to know how to express even that. Some folks might think me dumb, and, at that, they may have something there—all the votes aren't in yet! I've never been much good at yelling my head off. Guess I'm not actor enough to run around talking about myself constantly. There's really very little to tell anyway. I don't do anything outstanding, just hunt and fish and—well, guess that's about all. Know what I heard about myself? That I'm one of those guys who answer questions in the fewest possible words, putting a large period at the end!"

"Any fool," we reminded Fred, "can spout off his alleged mind. But it's the wise man who sits back listening to what the other gent has to say." As a matter of fact, being a figurative Sphinx has its compensations.

"Yeah? You may have something there," Fred conceded with a sheepish grin. "You know the real reason I'm here? My wife said she was darn tired of spending two bits for a magazine to see merely a picture of me and my dog. For a change she wanted to read something about me—if there was anything to print! Now when your boss speaks, you don't do much waiting for a second warning. So you see why I'm anxious for this interview.

"Maybe I'm a little scared when I face an interviewer. For some reason I shut up like a clam and can't think of a darn thing to say. And, when he begins with questions like 'Which of those many places you've lived did you enjoy most?' I get actually tongue-tied. Why, I've lived in so many places I can't remember them all. So, right there I'm stuck. Then he invariably comes back with the one about my favorite women. I bravely begin with my wife and then, when I've mentioned my mother, I'm in the dog house again. About the extent of my knowledge of women is that I've the best wife in the world and about the grandest mother a guy could have. Guess I'm not the romantic type because there just isn't much scope on femininity there!

"Seems I could go to town when they ask if I had early ambitions to act. But, no. I finish that off with, 'Nope, it was the farthest thing from my mind. I was lucky enough to play a solo in a band that happened to get into a show.' And there you have it in a nutshell. Why, when I came out here I'm sure the company wondered, just as much as I did, why I was around and what the heck (*Continued on page 73*)

OFF THEIR *Guard*

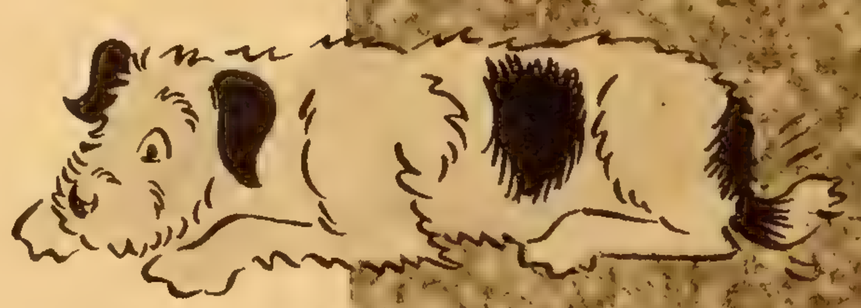
Bette Davis, President of the Tailwaggers, has some fun playing "musical chairs." But then President D. always manages to have a very good time no matter what goes on.

Photos by George Strock

BEST PARTY OF THE YEAR



Just about anybody who is anybody in Hollywood turned out for the Tailwaggers' Charity Ball at the Beverly Hills Hotel, for the Tailwaggers is a dog lovers' organization, with Bette Davis as its national president. Above, the expression on the President's face looks as if someone refused a poor dog a bone. With Bette here are Norma Shearer and Miriam Hopkins.



Joan Blondell and Dick Powell trip the light fantastic in honor of the pooches.



Since Johnny no longer swings from trees in her yard, Lupe sees Henry Wilcoxon.

Edgar Bergen parks Charlie McCarthy on the sidelines and talks to Shirley Ross.



Here's dinner for a dozen doggies—won by Mrs. Wally Ford, presented by the President.



Wally Ford wins the cocker spaniel raffled off by the Tailwaggers. The Ford family seemed to have a winning streak that evening.



That very happy and very constant duo, Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett, were right there to lend their support to a good cause.



Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper chat over the cocktails. What a lot of lucky pooches to have so many celebrated sponsors!





Anita Louise and Buddy Adler look as if they're afraid to smile and spoil their make-up. Or did we just startle them out of a tete-a-tete?



Our cameraman found Randy Scott, Norma Shearer, Mrs. Jock Whitney and the Henry Fondas lined up at the handsome bar.





Five OF A KIND

Take a look at these shots snapped between scenes of "Five of a Kind" and you'll change your ideas of movie stars. It isn't hard to see that housework, puppies and a stroll down the lane are the important factors in the lives of these four-year-old glamor gals. Here at last are five little belles who aren't the least bit interested in who has the biggest part. In fact, they'd like Jean Hersholt to have it.

The director hasn't a chance—life is too full of interesting things hidden in pockets and such. As for m' ladies' movie wardrobe—it's just a great big nuisance, that's all!









FITE NITE

Maxie Rosenbloom fights Bob Pastor and everyone in town turns out!



Maxie, the Barrymore of the bone-crushers, broadcasts on the side!

Bill Powell arrives, gayer than Hollywood has seen him for some time.

A couple of inveterate fight fans—George Raft and Chester Morris.

Leif Erikson is interested, but Frances Farmer can't take it—or maybe it's so dull she's napping. What do you think?

It's all very amusing to Virginia Bruce and Walter Ruben, who evidently wish they were home with a couple of good books.





MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

—that's Mickey Rooney!

When "Love Finds Andy Hardy" surprised everybody and turned out to be a big hit, writer Carey Wilson surprised its young Lothario, Mickey Rooney, with a party. Right, the Rooney charm asserts itself on Cecilia Parker.

Cecilia Parker and Lana Turner with Cecilia's husband, Dick Baldwin, left, and Lana's fiancé, Greg Bautzer.

Hollywood's favorite game, Indications, furnished the evening's entertainment. Mickey's a master at it!

Mickey and Judy at the piano—and it looks like sweet music to vivacious little Miss Garland.

But a guy can't play Indications all night. Mickey and Judy Garland go out to investigate the moonlight.

Good NEWS

Milton Berle does a Helen Morgan to Louise Hovick's soulful accompaniment.

Come behind the scenes with us and watch your favorites step around Movietown

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Her studio will take a million dollars out of its profits on its reigning star, Shirley Temple, and spend it on her next picture "The Little Princess." One reason for the tremendous cost is that the picture will be filmed in Technicolor, Shirley's first in that medium. La Temple, incidentally, will wear no make-up at all in the picture. After Technicolor tests with and without make-up, it was discovered that her own skin texture is so perfect that no make-up will be needed. Clean living wins again!

While we're on the subject of child stars, Jackie Coogan, the male Shirley Temple of his day, has just taken a job as a teacher. He's now with the Maurice Kosloff studios, and his job is to instruct kiddies who have a yen for screen stardom. Perhaps the first lesson will include a little talk on how to put aside a few shekels against the future.

One of the most heart-warming and emotional pictures you'll see in some time is "Boys Town," the story of which is based on the actual Boys Town near Omaha, Nebraska, founded some years ago by a young priest named Father Flanagan, because he was convinced that "There is no bad boy." A hard-boiled Hollywood audience applauded spontaneously during the picture's preview showing, a demonstration which must have cheered Father Flanagan, who was in Hollywood to see himself portrayed by Spencer Tracy. After the preview, Father Flanagan was given the real Hollywood treatment by a group of autograph hunters.

Same evening, Mickey Rooney, who co-starred with Tracy in "Boys Town," hosted a few of his friends at the Victor Hugo. A few tables away sat Jackie Cooper, with his mother and step-father. Since both Cooper and Rooney have the same burning ambition—they both want to play drums in a dance orchestra—it wasn't long before they were up on the bandstand. Each took his turn beating out a chorus or two, and when it was over Mickey admitted he had met his master. Dyed-in-the-wool jitterbugs will be happy to know that Jackie Cooper can swing out with the best of them.

A debt the world—at least that large part of it which contains Merle Oberon's admirers—owes to Paul Widlicska would go unheralded were it not for their studio's alert publicity department. In "The Lady and the Cowboy" Merle was about to do a shipboard scene which necessitated the presence of fog. Since Merle was suffering from a cold, she was warned by her doctor to have no truck with fogs. But the doctor reckoned without Mr. Widlicska, her studio's special effects man, who, by adding eucalyptus oil to his fog solution, not only cured Miss Oberon's cold but won himself a spot in the news. To paraphrase a renowned bit of verse:

"Poems are made by clerks and stenogs
But only Widlicska makes curative fogs."

John Barrymore and his Elaine continue to surprise everyone by remaining one of Hollywood's happier marriages. When John recently did a radio version of "Spawn of the North," Elaine attended all rehearsals with him and sat beside him on the stage during the broadcast. Incidentally, Barrymore's estate, developed over a period of years at a cost of $448,000, is now being offered for sale at $80,000. John and Elaine live in an apartment.





Reggie Gardiner is probably Hollywood's most envied—with that attention from Hedy Lamarr.

They do say that by the time you see this Janet Gaynor and Adrian may be Mr. and Mrs.

Joan Blondell can't understand it. She can't understand what having babies has to do with seasickness, and the doctors she's questioned don't know the answer either. It seems after her first child was born Joan couldn't go near a boat without getting ill. At the time she didn't mind, because she didn't care much for boats anyway. Then, after her divorce, she met Dick Powell. Dick liked boats, and Joan tried her best to look pleased about the prospect of week-ends on the briny, but whenever she ventured forth she returned to regret it. But all that is changed now. Ever

Marie Wilson and Nick Grinde, soon to wed, step out at the Trocadero.





That swell actress Margaret Sullavan with her hubby, Leland Hayward, and a bottle of pop.

since the birth of Ellen, her second child, Joan and the Pacific are the closest of pals, and the old trouble has disappeared completely. But Joan still can't understand it.

Open Letter to Hedy Lamarr: Wow!

Carole Lombard isn't exactly the athletic type, but she's got a tennis cup. It's the Seabright cup, and a girl gets it only by winning the women's singles three years in a row. The cup was won by tennis star Alice Marble, who promptly presented it to pal Carole as a gift.

Maxwell Everett Rosenbloom—Maxie to his friends—is now a full-fledged picture star. He has a term contract which nets him $1,000 a week, and his Hollywood night club is doing more business than any similar spot in town. All of which made Maxwell feel he could afford that town car and liveried chauffeur with which he now startles the town. The chauffeur sports a long yellow cigarette holder, and Maxie's car bears the Rosenbloom crest—crossed boxing gloves bearing his initials.

Rumors are around concerning a rift in the marital bliss of Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kaye. Herbie's orchestral duties keep him out of Hollywood except for rare occasions, and Dorothy's film commitments keep her and her sarong in town all the time, so for the past year or so they've been together no more than two or three weeks. Perhaps they can straighten out their difficult situation. We certainly hope so.

Jane Withers is in the market for a good laundry, as soon as she replenishes several hundred items in her dolls' wardrobe. It all happened when Jane decided to give the dolls' dresses a going over. She put them all in the family washer, and not knowing much about such things, she found herself an hour later with a collection of rags. So Miss W. has decided to stick exclusively to her career, and leave her domestic problems in the hands of others. Incidentally she has just completed her newest picture, "Always in Trouble," and in a philosophizing mood decided that this was the most appropriate title yet.

And now Mrs. Rhea Gable comes forth with a denial of all rumors that she has been holding up divorce proceedings between her and Clark. According to a friend of hers, Mrs. G. insists that the main reason Clark hasn't got his divorce is that he has never asked for it. The same report states that Mrs. Gable is not interested in a settlement, since she has considerable money of her own.

Now that Priscilla Lane is marked for stardom, here are some things you may not know about her: She's the youngest of the five Mullican sisters of Indianola, Iowa. (When Dorothy Mullican stepped into a revue in New York she became Lola Lane, and the remaining sisters who entered show business also became Lanes.) She lives in a ranch home in San Fernando Valley with her mother and sister, Rosemary, and you don't see her around the familiar night spots in Hollywood because when she goes out she prefers the roadside places in her own neighborhood. Her current romantic interest is still Orrin Haglund, an assistant director. If you want a look at Haglund, you'll see him playing a German war ace in the forthcoming "Dawn Patrol."



Giving the legitimate theatre a treat —Charles Boyer and Pat Patterson attend Tallulah Bankhead's play.



Ho-hum, how the night does fly! June Collyer and Stu Erwin chat with Gary Cooper as they leave Victor Hugo's.

John Garfield is a young man who can take Hollywood in his stride. He didn't think he was so good in "Four Daughters," but everyone else did, including his studio, who are rushing him into several pictures at once. He's not sure yet whether or not he likes Hollywood. He was born in New York, on the wrong side of the tracks, and spent practically all his life there, dividing it between hard labor and the stage. Now twenty-six, he's been an actor since he was sixteen. His real name is Jules Garfield, he's married, and he has a clause in his contract which will permit him to do a show on Broadway every year. Before he signed with his studio, he turned down a contract with another studio for much more money because he couldn't get that clause.

Picture players are selfish, and for a reason, says Merle Oberon. "Motion picture players," she says, "have the most precarious positions of any professional group on earth. The knowledge that the average career is but five years makes players selfish. There is no recorded instance in Hollywood, or in England, of any major star ever having helped a youngster to a better place. I personally would like to sponsor a young girl —my stand-in, for instance—and guide her to a more important place in the present scheme. She has talent and extraordinary good looks, but I am afraid that any attempt of mine to do this would be frowned upon by other players."

Enterprise Dept.: At the amusement pier at Ocean Park, where some of the film players like to spend an evening now and then, one of the concessionaires got a bright idea. He ran one of those "try your aim" games where you throw a baseball at a target, and a bullseye releases a spring which sends a black-faced gent splashing into a tub of water. Business was terrible—until he got the bright idea. The gent no longer wears black-face. He wears the stubble moustache and the peculiar hair-do of Hitler, and there's a line-up of customers every night.

The world's longest serial, "The Married Life of Helen and Warren," will be made into a motion picture. Helen and Warren began their syndicated marital career over twenty-five years ago, when their author expected them to last only thirty or forty chapters. But the readers liked them, and Helen and Warren have had their private lives exposed to three generations. When your children are grown up and old enough to start selecting a Scarlett O'Hara, you can take them on your knee and tell them about Helen and Warren.

When Tallulah Bankhead, Broadway's Number One Glamor Girl, invaded Hollywood to try out a new play, all the ermine in town turned out to watch her. The fact that Tallulah's play was bad only accentuated the well-worn fact that at Hollywood openings the best show is always in the audience. Film stars turn out to see their friends, and the common folk turn out to stare at the stars, with interest in the play running a poor second. In the future, it might be a good idea if, at the third act curtain, the actors all came out and vigorously applauded the audience.

Two stars in the family are enough, at least for the time being, so Dick Powell and Joan Blondell refused an offer of a contract for four-year-old son Norman Scott Powell. The studio wanted young Normie to play Dagwood in "Blondie," a picture based on the popular cartoon strip. So careerless Norman sits around with his toys, and lets papa and mama pay all the grocery bills unaided.

Shirley Temple threw a party for the press in her studio bungalow the other day, and the press turned out en masse to eat cake, drink tea and indulge in games. (Shirley is the only star in town who can throw a party without a case of Scotch.) Shirley's favorite game was one called "Treasure Hunt." Everyone draws a letter of the alphabet, and from it picks an article for a treasure chest. Shirley drew the letter "Z" and



Olivia De Havilland, all Grecian simplicity, looks more luscious than ever as she steps out with her old friend, Billy Bakewell, to see Max Reinhardt's "Faust."



Some men have all the luck! Jules Brulatour is the husband of that blonde eyeful, Hope Hampton of the golden voice and shining tresses.



Arleen Whelan and Richard Greene, the Cinderella boy and girl of Hollywood, stop to pass the time o' night with the orchestra leader at Topsy's.

picked something for her treasure chest without a minute's hesitation. She picked "Zanuck."

Looks like Paulette Goddard, in spite of Charlie Chaplin's objections, is really going ahead with her plans for a film career. She has completed a role of a secretary in "The Young in Heart," which stars Janet Gaynor, and now she's working with Luise Rainer and others in "Dramatic School." She plays a young dramatic student, and although she's not the star of the picture she is certainly the center of interest among the girls who are working with her. They've all read so much and heard so much about Goddard that they regard her as a sort of mystery woman. So all the actresses on the set keep an eye on her.

Here's one you can add to your list of Marie Wilson stories: During the American Legion convention in Los Angeles, her studio played host one day to 50,000 conventioneers, showed them around the studio and gave them a look at the stars. Marie stood by the exit gate, waved at a carful of people, and said, "Goodbye! I hope you liked us." The people in the car were Jack and Harry Warner and Hal Wallis, the heads of the studio.

Fredric March is really going places in his new picture, "Trade Winds." Scenes carry him all over the world—some 30,000 miles in all—and he makes love to twelve girls, including Joan Bennett. Says Freddie: "I've never covered so much territory in my life!"

Biggest romantic item of the month continues to be Janet Gaynor and Adrian. They're together constantly, and Janet's friends are positive they'll soon be married. Question of the moment, then, is: when the big day comes, Janet will become Mrs. What? Adrian has never used a surname professionally, but undoubtedly he can pluck one off the family tree in an emergency.

(Continued on page 98)

WOODEN ANNIVERSARY
—More Like a Honeymoon!





*SMART WIVES USE THIS EXTRA BEAUTY CARE...THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN**



Princess—H. R. H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler) is a great believer in creaming "skin-vitamin" into her skin. She says: "I'm glad to get this extra beauty care in Pond's—the cream I've always used."



Earl's Daughter—Lady Cynthia Williams, popular member of British aristocracy, has used Pond's since her deb days . . . "Now I'm more enthusiastic about Pond's than ever. **Extra 'skin-vitamin'** in Pond's Cold Cream helps provide against possible lack of it in my skin."



(above) At her ancestral home, Waldershare Park, Kent, England—introducing her baby daughter, Juliana, to the hounds.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*.

• Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.



"Any wife would be foolish not to take advantage of Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' beauty care! I've always used Pond's. It softens my skin . . . *gives sparkle* to my make-up."

Charming Hostess, **MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, III** *(left) popular in New York's young married set*



*** Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.**

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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Now—read her secret

"FRANCO-AMERICAN Spaghetti is one of my best helps," she'll tell you. It means tasty, appetizing meals without long hours in the kitchen. It means being able to serve cheaper meat cuts and left-overs and get compliments on them! It means a nourishing hot lunch for the children in next to no time. Its zestful, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce makes Franco-American far superior to ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Try it.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

Send for **FREE** *Recipe Book*

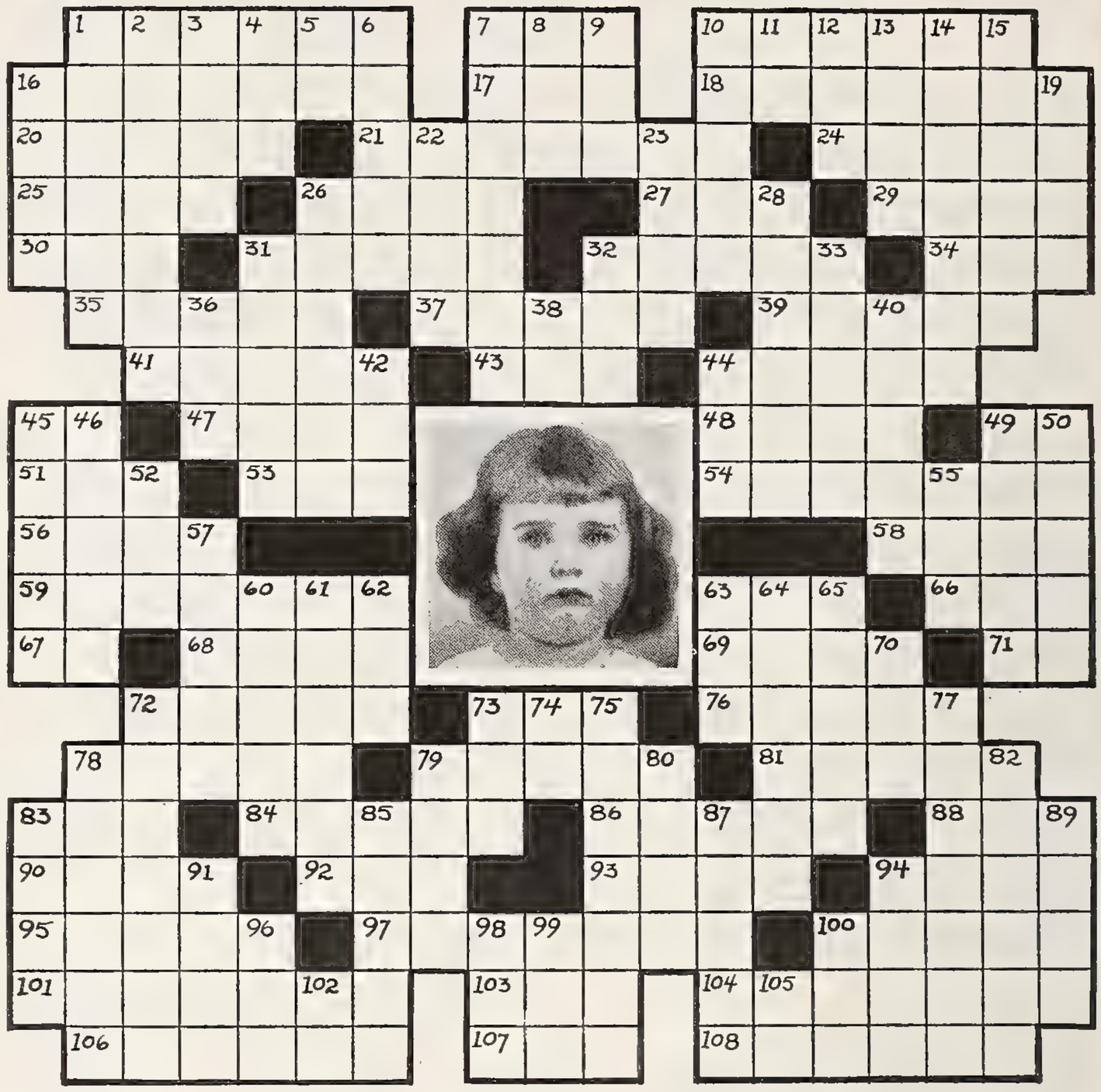
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 6212
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle Solution on Page 81

ACROSS

1. First name of our star
7. Her real name: Edna - - -
10. Last name of our star
16. Actor in "Carefree"
17. Talented ingenue: - - - Lupino
18. Alloys containing zinc and copper
20. Male lead in "Everybody Sing"
21. Rising actress, Marcia - - - - - - -
24. Exercise
25. Popular Irish actress
26. Cowboy star
27. Our star is "- - - About Music"
29. Quantity of Medicine
30. Tear
31. View
32. Bishop's headdress
34. Bushy clump
35. Name for the Academy Award statuette
37. Attack
39. Her first name is Genevieve
41. Comforted
43. Actor in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
44. Souvenir
45. Parent
47. Ginger Rogers' mother
48. Angers
49. "It": abbr.
51. Fuss
53. Cunning
54. Classifies
56. Paramount songstress
58. Trig
59. Our star's footprints rest before this famed theatre
63. Our star can - - - as well as sing
66. This sign appears in theatres showing our star's films
67. "Life Dances - -"
68. Aunt in "The Hardy Family"
69. Adhesive substance
71. Norse deity
72. Flaw
73. Varnish ingredient
76. Nobles
78. Eleanor Powell does this
79. Rich girl in "Holiday"
81. Ones
83. "- - - Jungle Love"
84. Comedienne in "The Road To Reno"
86. Wants
88. Piece out
90. Measure of land
92. Our star's studio: The - - - Universal
93. Beloved character actor, now dead
94. Distant
95. Sophisticated comedienne
97. Greatest male tap-dancer
100. Make a speech
101. Re-covers the inside of
103. Girl in "Letter of Introduction"
104. Quailed
106. Oldest
107. Spanish river
108. Handles

PAGE DOWN

1. Exotic star
2. Closed oval curve
3. Character actor: - - - - Hale
4. Our star's sister in "Three Smart Girls"
5. Southwestern state: abbr.
6. He's in "Rich Man, Poor Girl"
7. Hero in "Men With Wings"
8. Paid notices
9. "She Had To - - -"
10. The male lead in "The Citadel"
11. Chaldean city
12. First name of Mr. LaRocque
13. Feathered creature
14. Foolish
15. Singing star of "Sweethearts"
16. Boxer who was in "The Prizefighter and the Lady"
19. Winter vehicle
22. Lowest feminine voice
23. Leave out
26. The real "Josette"
28. Restrains
31. Urns
32. Our star starred in "100 - - - And a Girl"
33. Film parts
36. Home of moving pictures: abbr.
38. Therefore
40. Buffalo
42. Period of time
44. Inlet
45. Who is Maria Marguerite Bolado Castilla on the screen?
46. Ornament
49. Gaze fixedly
50. She's in "Woman Against Woman"
52. Famed jungle explorer
55. Things in law
57. A new starlet: - - - - - Hayward
60. Stars of Penrod series
61. Heroine in "Gateway"
62. Dumb cluck comedian
63. Our star is at "That Certain - - -"
64. Music professor in "Four Daughters"
65. "The Earth - - - - -"
70. Yale
72. Father in "Lucky Penny"
73. - - - Chaney, Jr.
74. He is married to Ruby Keeler
75. Rita Hayworth's former name
77. Male lead in "You Can't Take It With You"
78. Edict
79. Popular extra feature
80. Close by
82. Sonja Henie does this in "My Lucky Star"
83. Our star's crowning glory
85. Smallest measure
87. Choose
89. "The Cock - - - - World"
91. Glenda Farrell's birthplace
94. Tract
96. Compass point
98. Sailor
99. Cuckoo
100. Is indebted for
102. Plural ending
105. "Double - - Nothing"



Gloria Stuart*
(Hollywood Star)
TELLS GIRLS:
"Smooth HANDS are important"

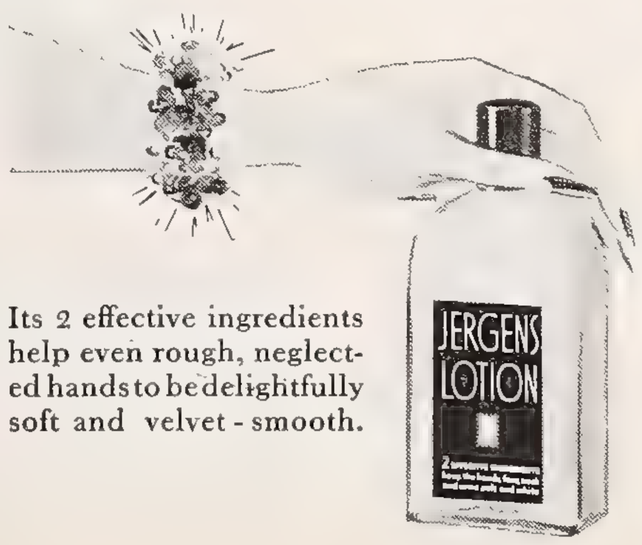
"EXQUISITE HANDS are essential for feminine charm", says GLORIA STUART* co-starring in Columbia's "The Lady Objects." "A little regular care helps keep a woman's hands smooth and lovely." Try caring for *your hands* with Jergens! Used regularly, it *prevents* chapping!



*Gloria Stuart has lovely hands. With Lanny Ross in new Columbia Picture success "The Lady Objects"

How to help keep Your HANDS Smooth and Soft

HAND SKIN SUFFERS from loss of natural moisture, when exposed to cold and wind, or frequent use of water. Looks coarse and older, feels harsh. Girls, furnish beautifying moisture for the skin by using Jergens Lotion. No stickiness! Jergens contains 2 ingredients, so effective to help whiten and soften the skin that many doctors use them. Quickly soothes chapping! Use Jergens regularly for soft, smooth hands that kindle love's flame. At business—have a bottle in your desk drawer; at home—keep Jergens in kitchen and bathroom. Use after every hand-washing. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ — or $1.00 for the special economy size—at any beauty counter.



Its 2 effective ingredients help even rough, neglected hands to be delightfully soft and velvet-smooth.

JERGENS LOTION

FREE: GENEROUS SAMPLE

See—at our expense—how wonderfully this fragrant Jergens Lotion helps to make red, rough, chapped hands smooth and white.

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Say it with a Clear Skin

OUR SKIN frequently reflects how we feel. In business and social contacts we like our friends to tell us *how well we look.*

The laity now recognizes—as physicians and scientists have for years—the vital importance of rich, red blood, as the foundation of strength, energy, and a clear healthy skin.

for that tired let-down feeling

It is well known how worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll of the precious red cells of the blood.

S.S.S. Tonic brings you new strength and vitality by restoring your blood to a healthy state,and its benefits are cumulative and enduring, in the absence of an organic trouble.

improves the appetite

Further, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite . . . foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated, and finally, the food you eat is of more value . . . *a very important step back to health.*

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to help regain and maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired natural glow, reflecting good health and well being.

You should note an improvement at once, but may we suggest a course of several bottles to insure more complete and lasting recovery.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making *"you feel like yourself again."*

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical.

S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones

BETWEEN YOU



There's nothing like movies to teach you American speech, says an immigrant fan.

$5.00 Prize Letter

Note of Appreciation

I am a foreigner and have been in this country for one year now. The difficulty that quite naturally confronts every immigrant is that he is unable to speak the language of the adopted country or to get accustomed to the ways of living there.

I must say that my chief help in overcoming these obstacles has been the movies. By going there regularly, by watching the diction of the stars, by adopting the manners I considered to be typically American, I soon began to feel quite at home in this country. I have realized that good entertainment is not the only thing Hollywood pictures are able to offer. The educational value can by no means be underestimated. Even my mother, who never went to the cinema in Europe, has become an ardent fan here.

May I use this opportunity to extend to the Hollywood stars, producers, and directors my deep gratitude and appreciation for their work and the help they have given me in establishing a home in this country.—Lothar Kahn, New York City.

$2.00 Prize Letter

She Wants Glamor

For several months now, I've experienced great difficulty in suppressing my homicidal desire to slay all the "candid camera" fiends in Hollywood. These vermin of humanity evidently find malicious pleasure in stripping the stars of their glamor and consequently shattering the illusions of a trusting public.

We so called "movie fans" love the stars because they supply in our lives a color and glamor that would otherwise be lacking. But when these "candid" scavengers succeed in destroying all our illusions, Hollywood will be about as glamorous as Podunka—and just as interesting.

Perhaps Claudette Colbert has a pug nose, and perchance Janet Gaynor has as many freckles as Sally Jones next door, but sometimes "Ignorance is bliss" and we humble fans would rather bask blissfully in our own credulity than to discover we've been paying tribute to mere shadows of loveliness all along.

In days of yore, when danger threatened, the entire countryside united nobly to crush the enemy and save the people. Today, unless those camera fiends crawl back into their holes very soon, an enraged public will join forces to destroy once and for all those creatures who prey upon helpless society and call themselves "candid camera shooters." Instead of doing the shooting, they should be shot!—Margaret Stettenbenz, Buffalo, N. Y.

$2.00 Prize Poem

Ode to Double Bills

We're all in a dither
Don't know what to do:
Leave before it's over
Or see this whole bill through.

Ma's eyes are ahurtin',
My head's on the bum,
Kid's are gettin' restless
And apoppin' gum.

We've been here since seven
Now it's just 10:01
Newsreel's still agoin'
Feature's not begun!

Sure we like a bargain!
You said that right—but gee!
'Nough's enough of anything,
Just 'tween you 'n' me!

—L. L. Hayes, Kansas City, Mo.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Cheers For Glenda

I'm up to bat for Torchy Blane, alias Glenda Farrell. Why, the gal's got everything! Looks, brains, snappy comebacks—and she's makin' B pictures! It burns me up. Not that I don't like the Torchy series. Banish the thought. Brother, they're swell-plus!

That's just it. They're too swell to be squeezed in between the full-length and a newsreel. Look at the Judge Hardy series with Mickey Rooney. Didn't they begin as B pictures? And now doesn't the latest receive half-page billings sprinkled with super-superlatives?

And why shouldn't Glenda? She appeals to me far more than some few washed out glamor gals I could name who get top billing. She's hot stuff—that whirlwind newshound whose antics keep us glued to the edge of our seats. Sure, her adventures are far fetched. That's why we like 'em. We don't come to the movies to see our heroines wash dishes and scrub floors. We get enough of that at home.

We're ordinary people who want to see how the exciting other half lives. Our medium is the movies. We like to see our favorites in star places. We want to see Torchy there—with her name in lights, packin' em in at the ritziest theatre in town while she climbs fire escapes or jumps from airplanes.

And why? Cause the gal's got everything!—Jo Flanagan, Omaha, Neb.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Opera Stars

What are these ugly rumors that the opera stars are not wanted in pictures, because they can't act? Shame on Hollywood! Who can be more delightfully

'N' ME

Cash prizes for your original letters on the stars, movies, or anything at all concerning the screen



The double bill feud is on again, as a Missouri fan expresses her opinion in verse.

charming and gay than the girl who rose to stardom because of her grand acting in "One Night of Love" and made it the best loved picture of the year?

Who is more beautiful than the brunette contralto of such delightful pictures as "Champagne Waltz" and "Romance in the Dark?" Who can be as dashing as Lawrence Tibbett as he sings the Devil Song from "Faust" and makes you love it? And don't forget the tiniest girl in opera, Lily Pons, who carries around a million dollars worth of personality.

People like me can't afford to go to the opera and we thanked Hollywood for bringing its stars to the screen. Now when we are happy and glorying in their beautiful voices we hear they are to be thrown out because they can't act. I know at least fifty so-called stars who should be thrown out instead!—A. Van Doon, Paterson, N. J.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Sigrid Gurie

Why such a pow-wow because Sigrid Gurie proves to have been born in Brooklyn instead of Norway?

Sigrid may have played tricks regarding her true birthplace, but she hasn't short-changed us as to screen accomplishments. She is charmingly different, I think; a glamor gal who possesses more than a mere drowsy, disinterested physical beauty. Sigrid has an individual type of beauty, and despite rather irregular features, is distinctly fascinating.

Then, too, she isn't above displaying animation, praise be! There is a twinkle in those half-mocking eyes which proves Miss Gurie has a keen sense of humor.

Native of Brooklyn, Norway or Walla Walla, Sigrid Gurie is a cute "keed," and is with us to stay—I hope.—L. R. Chapman, Los Angeles, Cal.

(*Continued on page* 95)

WRITE A LETTER—
WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, $5; two second prizes of $2 each; six prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.



Stunning!

ISN'T SHE?

That's what they'll say about *you* when you enhance your charm with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—the eye make-up in good taste. When you darken your lashes to long, sweeping loveliness with Maybelline Mascara it seems as though Nature made them that way. Maybelline Mascara goes on easily and stays on perfectly. It is harmless, tear-proof, and non-smarting.

Give your eyebrows definite grace and character with the Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. It's perfectly pointed to form trim, tapering contours.

The slightest touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended on your eyelids gives them that misty, luminous effect.

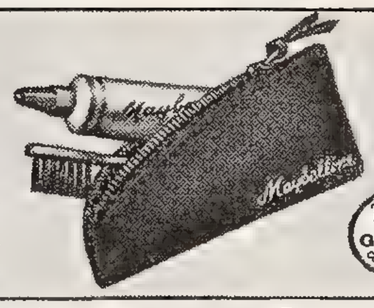
Be your most adorable self by giving your eyes this added loveliness today.

Attractive purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are obtainable at all 10c stores.

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Maybelline famous Solid-form Mascara in beautiful gold-colored vanity, 75c. Black, Brown, and Blue. Refills, including new brush, 35c.



Maybelline popular Cream-form Mascara in dainty suede-finish zipper case, 75c. Black, Brown, and Blue. Easily applied without water.

Tested and Approved SERIAL NO. 4847 Good Housekeeping Bureau GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE



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Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous shades. Blue, Gray, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

The Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids in the World



It was between halves, score 0-0, when the Captain barks "Thompson—Get out some Beeman's—Pass it around—Let's get our minds on something pleasant—Relax."

Even the Coach had to grin. "Learn a lesson from Beeman's," says he. "That fresh tangy flavor scores every time. Got a tang to it that drives away that weary feeling. Just think how fresh that flavor makes you feel and you can score like Beeman's does." We did, too.

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

NIGHT AND DAY



IF YOU want to give yourself a Xmas present, here's a love of a jacket, soft as down and flattering as fur. It is made of fluffy white angora knit in the simple stockinette stitch. For holiday parties, either formal or informal, it would be perfect in white or pastels. In dark dashing colors, it would be grand for classroom, office, or those winter bridge sessions.

The practical two-piece suit on the right is made of popcorn sports yarn knit in a stitch that gives a smart Persian Lamb effect. The fitted knuckle-length jacket is new and important this fall, and the squared padded shoulders make your waist and hips look slimmer. The directions for both of these new patterns are free. Clip either or both coupons and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with *each* coupon.

ANN WILLS, Modern Screen,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me, knitting directions for Bolero No. 2269. I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

ANN WILLS, Modern Screen,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me, knitting directions for two-piece suit No. 1361. I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

No. 2269—This fluffy evening Bolero is easy to make.



No. 1361—The knuckle-length coat is important in this day-time suit.

NOTHING TO SAY!

(*Continued from page 46*)

to do with me. But, they were big-hearted and kept me on until luck set in."

On and on our Mr. MacMurry, the gent with no words to express himself, went with only time out to catch his breath.

"I still don't understand picture business," Fred continued. "The things they put you to work in with such 'colossal' plans to eventually mystify the public as much as you.

"Do you like hunting?" asked Fred suddenly. "We went upstate for a week to hunt and fish. In a place that's sort of the last outpost, we got supplies. The proprietor told us we *might* be bothered with mosquitoes, so, just in case the wind hadn't changed and blown them away, to prepare for the worst. The only thing he had in the way of protection was green mosquito netting, so we took it. Well, we soon realized that our friend had grossly understated the facts. Why, those mosquitoes were so big we were afraid to leave the grub alone, for fear they'd walk off with it.

"However, with the green net covering our heads and tucked into our shirt collar, we were fairly safe. Oh, we had to wear heavy gloves, too. Well, things began to look up; that is, till we came into camp that night and doffed our headgear. The darn stuff had faded and we were a mass of green crosswork! We washed and scrubbed, but all to no avail. That guy had said the color wouldn't come off! The only thing to do was let it *wear* off and, in the process, our beards grew for the duration of the trip. You can imagine how we looked after ten days!"

Just chuckling as he reminisced, Fred continued, "On our way home, we decided to stop and pay our compliments to friend storekeeper! We tarried long enough for a drink. A gent walked up to me and said, 'Ho there, pardner. I know you from up Carmel way, don't I?' I told him I was afraid he was mistaken, but he was very sure.

NOPE, I know you from somewhere. You're dern familiar. I got it! You're from San Diego.' When I told him I was from Los Angeles and hadn't been in that section, he was more puzzled than ever. Finally he gave up, 'Guess you just look like a friend of mine,' he conceded and walked away. What he didn't figure was that he might have seen me in pictures, but minus the bearded disguise."

With not a moment's delay, our hunting host plunged into his favorite hobby. "Next month when the white wing pigeon season opens I'm really going to have a time. Going up for a couple of weeks, my real vacation. Lately I've been just hanging out at the skeet range. My wife and I both have become quite fond of it and she's darn good, too. Did you ever try shooting?"

"Only a little trap shooting."

"Well, that's entirely different. Your targets are sent up from one position there, while in skeet shooting you have eight different positions to shoot from.

Mrs. MacMurray, she is right there with what it takes to worry any modern Venus. Fact is, she even did a movie test and on the strength of her beauty was offered a contract to enter the ranks of the screen's glamor queens. However, the Missus is a gal who values her home and hubby more than a career—a rare phenomenon these days!

"The joke was on me when we first came out west," that uncommunicative MacMurray informed us with one of his boyish grins, a little on the sheepish side this time, however. "Everyone would tell me how beautiful Lillian is, so I'd just grin and say, 'Thanks!' That is, till one day a friend of mine said, 'What the heck are *you* thanking me for? You had nothing to do with it.' Y'know, darned if he wasn't right! Now I say, 'Yeah, I think so too.'"

And, spying the clock, Fred exclaimed. "Gee, it's almost three and I have to meet Lillian to go shopping. It's the cook's birthday and we have to select her present. Gosh, I'm sorry about the interview. Guess it's too late for it now. And just when I wanted to surprise my wife with a little reading matter, too! Oh well, it's probably just as well 'cause I wouldn't have a darn thing to say!

"I thought if we let it go till after lunch it would be easier, and now look what's happened. Will you tell me why I shut up like a clam when they begin firing those questions at me? Anyway, don't think it hasn't been fun!"

For one who isn't talkative—well, that rumor was shot full of holes!



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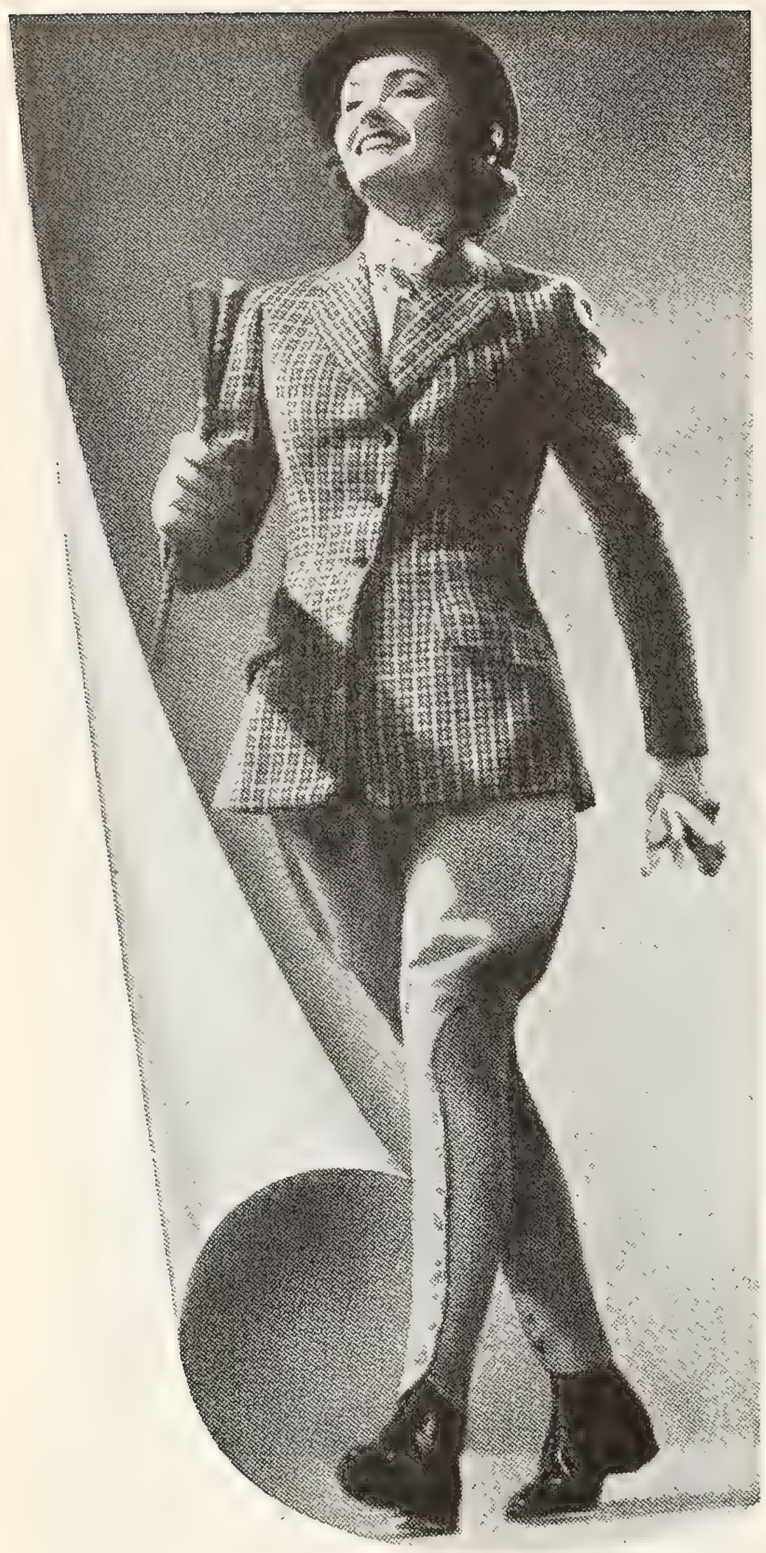
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KOTEX*

SANITARY NAPKINS

74

YOU'LL TAKE HIM AND LIKE IT

(*Continued from page 33*)

herself a time, messing around with paint? Let her paint. You want to get her ready to earn her own living? Take her off painting.' But there's time for all that."

In a manner of speaking, Edna is named for her father. Her friends call her Pidge, as his friends call him. Though Pidge Senior protests that his life lacks color, Pidge Junior was born of romance and heartache.

In St. John, New Brunswick, where the family lived, Walter had a childhood sweetheart, who moved to Boston. At the ripe age of nineteen, unable to banish her from his thoughts, he followed her. This time they fell really in love. The boy found himself a job with a brokerage house, so they could marry. They were gloriously happy. All the shining years lay ahead of them. Only they didn't. When the baby was born, her mother died. Pidgeon took the child to his own mother and returned to pick up his life as he could.

HE HAD a fine baritone voice, which he used in amateur theatricals and to entertain his friends. One night at a dinner party he was asked to sing. Another guest was a young man whose dancing had recently set Broadway by the ears. His name was Fred Astaire. He listened to Pidgeon with interest and, the song finished, asked: "What show are you with?"

"I'm not with any show."

"Well, why the devil don't you get into one, then?"

Pidgeon shrugged. "I'm a broker."

"Not for long, you're not," said Astaire.

He returned to New York and told Elsie Janis of his find. Miss Janis was about to start on a concert tour. She sent for Pidgeon, who went for the laughs and a week-end in New York.

She and her manager listened to him sing. Miss Janis was plainly pleased. The manager, being a business man, said: "Hm. Where have you sung before?"

Pidgeon rapidly reviewed the concert halls in which he'd heard music, and named them. "Can you sing on short notice? This afternoon? In Aeolian Hall?"

Somewhat taken aback, he braved it out nevertheless. But he wanted Miss Janis to know the truth. "I've never appeared on a concert stage before. I think I can do it, but it's up to you to decide. I don't want to let you down."

"I'm not worried," she smiled. "I've heard you sing. Good luck."

Neither of them reckoned with stage fright. As he stepped out, his knees began doing a cakewalk in his trouser legs. The footlights blinded him. He couldn't find the piano. He opened his mouth, and nothing came out. "This is going to make a good story later on," he kept thinking grimly. A figure both pitiful and absurd, he managed to get through the first half of the program, and fled back to his dressing room.

It was close to Miss Janis's, and the doors were open. He heard the manager stalking down the hall, entering her room, clunking into a chair.

"What happened to that fellow?" he groaned. "He was all right when he sang for us. Then he stands up in that cutaway, looks like an undertaker, and sings like a blasted crow with a hangover. He sings on every concert stage in the country, but in Aeolian Hall, he just can't sing."

"That's what you think! This is his first appearance. He's nervous, that's all."

The scene that followed in Pidgeon's dressing-room may best be left to the imagination. He went out for the second half, knowing that his career had perished at birth, that nothing was at stake, that he'd live and die a broker, so nuts to manager, audience and critics. With the result that he sang as he'd never sung before. He was recalled for three encores. The papers raved next morning, and to this day Pidgeon will hear no evil spoken of music critics. Every gentleman of them all ignored the first half of the program. The manager stammered apologies, Pidgeon forgave him, and graciously consented to join Miss Janis's tour.

It took him through the United States and to London. It cured him of stage fright, it established him on a solid footing in the entertainment world, it brought about a paradox. With offers popping around him, he began to study singing. Up to that point, he'd never taken a lesson. "If I'm going on with this thing," he decided then, "I'd better learn."

He learned to such purpose that his services were in constant demand. Joe Schenk brought him out for the silents, but a couple of pictures convinced him that he liked the stage better. When musicals were the rage, he was again lured back to Hollywood. Then the fickle public turned thumbs down on musicals. Passing a theatre on Hollywood Boulevard one day, his eye caught a large sign. "Walter Pidgeon," it read, "will positively sing *only* once."

His reaction justifies the truth of his statement that he's an equable person. Right in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard, he threw back his head and roared with laughter. "A joke's a joke, even when the point's sticking into you. Also a hint's a hint. I packed bag and baggage, and went back to Broadway."

WHEN Wanger persuaded him to a third trial, he made one stipulation: that he was not to be featured as a singer. On the stage he had long since been graduated from musicals to high comedy leads. "I don't mind singing an incidental tune, but I won't be typed as a singing actor." He's stuck to that.

After a couple more successful pictures Pidgeon was borrowed to play with Jean Harlow and Gable in "Saratoga." He and Jean had just finished a scene with which the director was specially pleased. Hugging his arm, she smiled up at him. "We're good, Pidgie," she said. As he hugged her back, she winced and cried, "Oh, be careful." Her face was so twisted with pain that he grew alarmed. "Where does it hurt, honey?" "Right here."

A moment later she was laughing, but Pidgeon kept his eye on her. "I don't believe that kid's feeling very well," he told the director. They had another scene to shoot before lunch. "Don't you feel well, Jean?" She shook her head. "Well, go and rest. We'll take this after lunch." They never saw her again.

"The nearest thing you can liken her to," said Pidgeon soberly, "is a little kitten. She had that same natural, lovable, friendly quality that gets under your skin, and stays there even though she's gone. I didn't know her long, but I'll never forget her."

"My Dear Miss Aldrich" won Pidgeon another contract. The girls who missed him in that, caught him in "Shopworn Angel," and the "who-is-this-Pidgeon-guy" letters began pouring in. Then came the problem of casting Gable's rival in "Too Hot to Handle."

It's when he's telling a story on himself that he seems to enjoy life best. "Jack Conway sent for me. 'Walter,' he said, 'you're no more suited to this part than the man in the moon. I don't care if you're the best actor in the world, you don't look the way this fellow ought to look. I need a roughneck. You're the suave-big-bad-wolf-in-a-New-York-penthouse type. I wanted Tracy, but I can't have him. If I've got to have you, I've got to have you. But I don't want you. Report at nine tomorrow morning.'"

So much he told me. The rest I dug out by persistence. A couple of mornings later Conway met him with a wry face. "I've got indigestion."

"What did you eat?"

"My words. After I saw yesterday's rushes."

That picture provided Pidgeon with his most embarrassing moment. "I tell you, I've cracked on high notes, I've missed cues in the theatre, I've spilt wine over a queen's dress. But I never lived through anything worse than this."

One sequence called for Gable to fall on his face into a lake of mud about a foot deep. Careful preparations were made, lines were rehearsed till everybody was letter-perfect. Nobody, Gable least of all, was anxious to go through the performance more than once.

Pidgeon's line was "What are you doing Chris? Giving it a mud bath?" He still doesn't know what happened to him. Maybe Gable's realistic fall, his face emerging from the mud so that you didn't know whether he was himself or Joe Louis, threw Pidgeon offstride. At any rate, instead of the line he'd rehearsed, he said: "What are you doing, Chris? Taking a mud bath?" Then, realizing his blunder, added with nonchalance in his voice, but



Not one from the family album, but Anita Louise relaxing between scenes of "The Sisters."

panic in his heart: "Giving the film a mud bath, too?"

As he describes it, "There followed one of those ghastly silences. I knew the shot was ruined. I'd ruined it. Here was Gable, eyes and ears full of mud. There were the rest, looking at me. Never in a hundred years would he get a fall as perfect as that one. I kept thinking, 'If only it had been some star who was a heel, so you'd love to send him into the muck again.' I kept thinking, 'Heck, why doesn't somebody say something!'"

"Who framed me?" said Gable.

"Look at Pidge," said Leo Carillo. "As if he hadn't a friend in the world."

"He hasn't," said Conway. "Go get yourself cleaned up, Clark. We'll do it over this afternoon." Walter could have died.

Sitting miserably in the commissary at noon, Pidgeon felt a hand on his shoulder. "Come to the projection room," ordered Conway. "I want you to see what you messed up."

The sequence flashed on the screen, Gable fell, raised his mud-caked face, Pidgeon spoke his line. The lights went up, and the worm turned.

"What are you squawking about? I think it's okay."

"It is," chuckled Conway. "But you squirm something elegant, Pidge. I just wanted to see you squirm a little."

He likes violent exercise, which is why he doesn't play golf. "I've tried it because so many swell guys play it. Now my idea would be to stand on a hilltop, lick the tar out of a dozen balls, then go home and take a shower. But they won't play it my way, and I can't play it theirs."

So he sticks to tennis and horseback riding, with young Pidge as his favorite partner. "She runs me ragged," he said, looking like a fond parent trying not to look like a fond parent.

While she's fiercely proud of her father, she's also, like the typical young thing of her day, both critical and frank. She didn't like him at all in "Girl of the Golden West."

"You had the finesse of an elephant," she assured him.

"He was lovely," said her indignant grandmother firmly.

Pidge sighed. "Grandma, you'd say he was lovely in 'Frankenstein.' Anyway, you know you're nearsighted. Believe me, Dad, you were not lovely as Sheriff Rance. 'Shopworn Angel,' now, that was another story. I think you had something there."

Hollywood feels that from now on they'll be taking Pidgeon and liking it.

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WITTY BOY NIVEN

(*Continued from page 41*)

he provided me with a papier-mache helmet. I was riding along, blessing the thoughtfulness of McEwen, when down came a tropical rain, and down came the brim of the helmet around my ears. The spectacle so shattered discipline in the ranks that I had all my leaves cancelled for a month. Ah, yes, I miss McEwen. And decidedly I miss being called 'Messieur.'"

The conversation, the Planter's punches and McEwen helped him to stay his full three years. Then he was transferred back to England, and—life really started being interesting.

"Most of the people who made it interesting were creditors. In Malta, there had been no alluring ways to spend money. In England, there were too dashed many ways. I went off the deep end, and spent more than I'd earn in five years in the military. Then—hope springs eternal, you know—I tried to recoup with racing bets. I was an every-time loser. Finally, I was owing even the bookies. One of them blackmailed me with the threat of telling my colonel, who held obstinately to the belief that no gentleman ever owed gambling debts.

"I had to raise money in rather a hurry. I couldn't borrow it; so I literally sold myself. A London clinic was offering two pounds to any healthy specimen who would give his written consent to let said clinic have his remains, for research purposes, upon his demise. They even gave me a few shillings' bonus because I never had smoked. Thus was one creditor appeased."

Starved for the social life, after Malta, he became a rabid party-goer. Two years before he left the army, at a London cocktail party, he met director Edmund Goulding, the same Goulding who now is directing "Dawn Patrol." He told Goulding a couple of stories, and Goulding, amused, told Alexander Korda that London Films ought to test this entertaining young man. Korda was persuaded, and so was David. Anything for a new experience!

AS David tells it: "I went over to London Films on my first afternoon off and they took still pictures of me in ninety-four different positions. Nothing happened for months. Then one day I had a phone call: 'Come to the casting office at once.' I was suffering from a beastly toothache, but I went. This might be too good to miss. I arrived at the office, and a girl said briskly, 'Oh yes, Mr. Niven. Here are your stills. Good afternoon.'"

He liked the life military, but, the more debts he acquired, the more he wondered what life might be like, working for himself, instead of the War Office. He couldn't become a captain for eight years, a major for fifteen. And one day, shuddering in company with two pals who had left the army—Victor Gordon Lennox and Philip Astley (who later married Madeleine Carroll)—he up and resigned his commission.

Lennox had married a Canadian girl. They were going over to Canada for the summer. They invited David along, staking him to passage money. ("It wasn't the first time I had been to America. I had hopped over to New York once briefly on a six weeks' leave. And, at a regimental forum afterward at which everyone else was talking about the innermost parts of the rifle, I arose to discourse on American speakeasies—to the delight of my confreres and the horror of my colonel, a sufferer from high blood pressure."

After the Lennoxes went back to England, David stayed on in Canada to earn enough money to get to New York. The nearest job was with a road-building gang of French Canadians in the wilds of Northern Ontario.

"I swung an axe for the first and last time in my life. They took it away from me, lest I kill myself with my clumsiness, and made me assistant to the camp cook. One of my chores was to catch fish for breakfast by the cold light of dawn. I also caught chronic tonsilitis. Finally I had my tonsils amputated by the nearest man with a scalpel. The man was a veterinary. A tiger couldn't have made a bigger hole."

David, who had been trying to dodge a hospital, landed in one pronto—and stayed weeks. That took all his money, but he made more, writing some extravagant articles for magazines on the jolly life of a sportsman in the Canadian wilds. Knowing nothing about it didn't hamper him a bit. He made enough to get to New York and still have $200 when he arrived.

He felt so flush that he took up residence at the Waldorf Astoria. A few days later, he was so broke that he couldn't move out. And, about the same time, the Chinese laundrymen caught up with him. He had taken his laundry to six different laundrymen, promising to pay the next time he returned—and then forgetting to return. One day all six arrived to collect. He persuaded them to let him work out his indebtedness.



Ronald Colman, the romantic Francois Villon in "If I Were King."

Get the picture, if you can: "I spent my nights in a luxurious room at the Waldorf Astoria, my days delivering wash."

He contrived to eat, meanwhile, by signing for his meals—with a blithe faith in the future. Something would turn up. What turned up was an old friend connected with some British wine merchants. They needed a New York representative. Knowing little about wines, he talked himself into the job. A few weeks later, a couple of other fellows talked him out of it.

"I received a phone order for several cases of champagne, to be delivered immediately to a certain cafe, C. O. D. When my truck arrived, two men dressed like waiters were standing on the sidewalk with a check. The cases were deposited on the sidewalk, my truck went away, and, I learned later, another truck came and took the cases to an unknown destination. The check, for $3000, bounced. And I bounced with it."

NEXT he was involved in a scheme to stage indoor horse races (!) in a vast auditorium in Atlantic City. When racketeers tried to crowd in, David edged out. He went to Bermuda to try to lose his headache. From there he jumped over to Cuba, on the off-chance that he might get in on a revolution. While waiting for something to happen, he enlisted with two opposing factions. "What happened was that both factions found out and I had to depart in a large hurry."

The tramp freighter on which he escaped set him down in Cristobal. There he expected to board a Japanese boat bound for Liverpool. "But, the evening I was to sail, I made the happy mistake of touring the local cantinas with some chaps from the *U. S. S. Oklahoma.* The morning after, I found myself on a Japanese boat bound for San Francisco."

That looked like catastrophe at the time, but David grinned ruefully. Arrived in San Francisco, he phoned some friends in Santa Barbara, asking if he might drop in "for a few days." He had just enough money left to get there, by bus.

He sent off desperate cablegrams to England, at his friends' expense, and sat around waiting for answers. He was still sitting, three days later, when the *H. M. S. Norfolk,* which had been stationed at Malta when he was there, dropped anchor a half-mile away.

So enthusiastic was his reunion with old buddies, during a party on shipboard, that again he became an unconscious stowaway on a ship he wasn't supposed to be aboard. The morning after, he found himself somewhere off Los Angeles. There, luckily for him, the *Norfolk* was pausing briefly to be photographed alongside a man-of-war of a century ago, being used in the film, "Mutiny on the Bounty."

"That's how I came to Hollywood. Broke, bedraggled, with no clothes except the sorry-looking dress suit I was wearing. Dumped from a battleship into a film-company launch."

Regaling the movie-makers with his misadventure, he got himself carried not only ashore, but as far as the studio gate. There, as they set him down, he was practically run over by Edmund Goulding, who, delighted to find him in Hollywood, promptly offered him a film test. Four days later David had his test.

"Harry Bouquet, who was directing it, said, 'All right, do something.' I asked him, 'What should I do?' I hadn't the slightest notion what one did on such occasions. 'Turn around,' he said. 'Say

something. Anything.' So I turned around, and said something about test-directors. A ribald little something that came to mind. Luckily, my sally had a swing."

Goulding cast him in a small role in "The Flame Within." It was all too simple. If a chap of his limited acting experience could get ahead at this rate, he'd be earning thousands a week in no time. Then, just as he was about to start work, the Immigration Department caught up with him. He had no passport, not even a visitor's permit. He was given twenty-four hours to clear the country.

He went down to Mexicali, where he "rotted for seven weeks" while they checked with Scotland Yard about him. When he managed to get back to Hollywood, the picture was finished, Goulding was away, and no one remembered David. No one, that is, but Sally Blane, whom he had met in England. "She asked me over for a week-end, and insisted on my staying for weeks-on-end. So did Loretta Young and their mother. I couldn't puzzle it out at the time," says David, "I didn't realize they knew I was busted.

"After that, for a bit, I lived in a garret, meanwhile talking myself into eight different tests at eight different studios, none of which led anywhere. I kept from starving to death by being invited to parties, at which, invariably, I sat next to Zanuck or Goldwyn and couldn't, with any grace, ballyhoo myself as God's gift to pictures."

Then one night Goldwyn asked him if he had ever acted. David dodged the issue by replying that he had made some tests. Goldwyn took a look at the first one, "got a laugh out of it" and—offered him a contract. It looked rather as if Goldwyn were playing a practical joke on himself, but David lost no time accepting.

"I made my first screen appearance at the bottom of a pile of thirty-two men and one donkey, in 'Barbary Coast.' After that, I had a speaking part. I said 'Goodbye, my dear' to Elissa Landi in 'Without Regrets.' Nobody had any regrets when I left the set. In my next picture I said, 'Hello, my dear' to Wendy Barrie. Then a dreadful thing happened.

"I was cast as a cad of great price in 'Splendor.' I had just met Ronald Colman and was super-Colman-conscious. He didn't wear make-up, so I was going to dispense with it. My acting was frightfully bad; appalling. Rachel Crothers, who had written the screen play and was sitting on the set, kept sending me irate notes about how I was ruining the script. Every time I'd get one, I'd blush with shame. Actually. And you know how red photographs; it comes out black on black-and-white film. 'What's *this?*' Goldwyn demanded, when he saw the rushes. 'I didn't order any blackface comedian!' We had days of retakes."

NOW, with seventeen pictures behind him, he doesn't have to do any prodigious blushing about this acting. Nor, since "The Prisoner of Zenda," has he had to play any cads of great price. In "Dawn Patrol," he plays Errol Flynn's buddy—a role he also has in real life. They're two of a kind. But they didn't suspect it at first meeting.

"Soon after I arrived, I went to see Lili Damita, whom I had met in New York. There, ahead of me, I fought this Flynn person waiting to see her. We sat and glared at each other at a distance of six paces, each determined to outsit the other. As I remember, Lili went out with someone else, leaving both of us there, glaring."

English papers, for some reason baffling to David, have publicized him to the farthest reaches of the Empire as a playboy loaded down with money, who is acting only for the fun of it. "That makes me so mad I could gnaw old shoes," he says. "I may play the fool most of the time, but not while I'm acting. I work at that, from first to last. And, as far as I'm concerned, it's hard work."

Another impression of him that has gone abroad is that he is having a struggle maintaining his bachelor status, what with the girls pursuing him. "The picture doesn't fit. I don't know where they got it. I haven't been conscious of even one lone pursuit. And, as for my being a pursuer, that's fraught with complications.

"All of the girls I seem to meet fit into four classifications: (1) Those who are married or involved. It's asking for trouble, registering interest there. (2) Girls who are unattached, but stars. Any courtship there immediately becomes a big production, with ballyhoo and all the trimmings. (3) Girls who are unattached, but are trying to get into pictures. After the first glass of sherry, they start asking how to get a movie test. (4) Girls who have nothing to do with pictures, and want nothing to do with them, but who live rather definitely north of San Francisco. . . . I'm thinking of going into a monastery in North Hollywood at any moment."

Right now, he seems to be going with Olivia De Havilland, but he won't talk about that.

His movie future doesn't worry him. "At the first sign of a decline, I'll be off like a shot. There are plenty of other things to do besides acting. But I hope I won't have to do any of them for a while. I like Hollywood. I feel less inhibited here than I've ever felt anywhere else in my life."



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GRANDPA SNAZZY'S GRANDSON

(*Continued from page 36*)

Dear me! Miss Sadler had nigh forgotten. It was all over that tricycle—a splendid dollar and ninety-eight cent tricycle which Papa Burn had purchased for Robin on his fourth birthday. Tantalizingly, Robin had ridden up and down Broadway in front of the Sadler home. He whirled, he made fancy turns.

"Robin, may I ride?" Anna asked wistfully. "Uh huh—after while," he answered. Patiently, she waited. Every time she asked when, Master Robin said, "After while." When flesh and blood could stand it no longer, Anna grabbed a flying lock of hair as he zipped past her, yanked him out of the seat down onto the sidewalk, where she very thoroughly beat the stuffings out of him.

WHEN Bob was six he started school, and his mother—a wonderful woman, but misguided in this one instance—thought it fitten for a man of six to start school in a Lord Fauntleroy velvet number and long, auburn curls falling down upon the lace collar. Bob's first day in school was a year long. Some pointed remarks about sissies had been made. Ribaldry and ridicule had filled the air. He went home and laid down the law to Mrs. B. for the first, last and only time.

After two hours of litigation, during which plaster fell from the ceiling, Mrs. Burn's ears could stand no more, so she said, "All right." Miraculously the tumult and the shouting and the tears ceased and to the barber mama and sonny did go, Mrs. B. armed with a handkerchief to cry in and a length of tissue paper to put the dear curls in. Then they went to Cy Cordell's boys' and gents' outfit emporium for something quiet and tasteful in tweed. "Know Bob Burns?" says Cy Cordell nowadays, sometimes before anybody asks him. "I sold that boy his first pair of pants!"

Complexes and psychic traumas and all the other boogymen which the child psychologists tell us about nowadays were unknown in the childhood days of Robin. But, perhaps, that tortured first day in school may be responsible for the fact that, though Burns eventually became a gentleman, after the necessary years for growth and social experience, he never, never became a scholar.

On his first report card, the grades were way down below freezing point. Walking slowly—very slowly—home from school with brother Farrar, who was called Bubba, Anna Sadler untactfully caught up with the two boys. She heard a sniff and asked Bob why he was crying. "Oh, I'm jes' cryin' because Bubba feels so bad over my report card grades," he said.

Damon and Pythias, ham and eggs, and the hands of the clock at half past six were never any closer than Farrar and Robin. On one rare occasion when Robin was quiet and still, which prompted an anxious inquiry as to what he was thinking about, he answered, "Oh, I'm jes' a-thinkin' about what Bubba is a-thinkin' about." The two brothers even developed the same kind of digestive peculiarities. Neither one could ever eat sweets of any kind, and Bob cannot to this day. They munched plain crackers in wholesale quantities and adored rolled oats without sugar.

Bob was sneaked through the grammar grades by the skin of his teeth. Carrying books back and forth to school was a mere formality. He was almost sneaked through high school by the skin of his teeth, too. But not quite. He was much too busy studying human nature.

Then, too, there was his burning ambition to be a river boat pilot, and he swiftly perceived that one needs but little formal education for that. Back and forth across the Arkansas River, between Van Buren and Fort Smith, Captain Tom Arnold piloted his ferry boat. Captain Tom and his elderly negro helper, Bill Pennywit, would sometimes let Robin ferry the boat across the river. And one wonderful ten days, when Captain Tom went to the Exposition in St. Louis, he left Robin in charge of the boat. Naturally, Washington crossing the Delaware, fractions and the mastery of English composition were dull matters compared to this.

Today, Captain Arnold (retired) will, at the drop of a hat, tell anyone who cares to listen that he knew Bob Burns when. He claims that the fellow still owes him eight cents—the price of one ride across the river, for, when not a bonafide member of the crew, Bob was supposed to pay his fare just like anybody else. He embarked one day and when the boat was safely out in mid-river, he confessed that he was busted. This prompted a stern rebuke from Captain Tom and the remark that a busted boy was just as well off on one side of the river as on the other.

Perhaps one might say that Robin was more artistically than scholastically inclined. When piloting began to lose its charms, he developed a great urge for the stage. Let anyone suggest amateur theatricals, and he was right on hand, ready to snarl as the villain or to defend fair ladies in his best hog-calling Arkansas tones as the hero. For one local shindig for charity, there came up the question of a dress suit. His bank account being down to two figures, Bob approached the family. His proposition was coldly received. Then he would borrow one, he decided firmly. But from whom? Everyone he knew intimately enough did not own a dress suit.

BOB was working in the John Q. Allen Real Estate Agency. Mr. Allen now, Bob happened to know, had a dress suit. Mr. Allen also had—and still has—a kind heart and a constitutional inability to say no. So it was in the Allen tailoring that Bob strutted at the charity benefit. "Lord, Mr. A.," Bob remarked when he went home to Van Buren to the music of brass bands and huzzas a couple of years ago, "do you remember me borrowing your dress suit?" Mr. A. said indeed he did—and what, by the way, had Bob done with it afterwards?

Bob's mother saved enough out of the family budget during the high school years for mandolin lessons under Professor Frank McLean, leader of the Queen City Silvertone Cornet Band. Even here, however, Robin found all that stuff about notes and keys and tempo pretty slow, so he just plunked ahead on his own account and, in this way, attained a surprising "by ear" facility on the piano, harmonica, guitar, trombone, violin and cornet. The guitar is his favorite—outside of the bazooka—and he can really play it like a streak. What's more, he actually does play it at occasional Kraft Music Hall meetings.

Perhaps you have heard the story of the bazooka's invention. Robin teamed up with the Van Buren Mandolin Orchestra. This rustic philharmonic society met for rehearsals in the back of Hayman's plumbing shop. At one rehearsal—they played "Over the Waves" and "The Blue Danube" and other pre-swing hits—everyone agreed that the music seemed a bit "underarranged." The bottom had seemingly

fallen out of the orchestra. They needed bass, brass and body—needed it bad.

The town genius—Mr. Burns—grabbed a length of Hayman's best pipe, inserted a funnel of paper and blew a healthy blast, meanwhile sliding the paper up and down. Thus the bazooka was born. Of course, it was given refining touches, and was improved upon as time went on. Credit should be given Henry Hink (known the world over nowadays as Bob's radio-uncle Hink, but actually no kin at all) for substituting a smaller hunk of pipe for the makeshift funnel of paper.

Robin never walked across the rostrum to receive his high school diploma—at the proper chronological time. But December, 1935, on another triumphant return trip to Van Buren, he was awarded an honorary high school diploma which he treasures as dearly as any captain of industry treasures his honorary Ph.D. from one of the great universities.

In spite of sonny's casual reaction to the better things, Mama Burns enrolled him, willy-nilly, in the University of Arkansas. If it was humanly possible, she was going to make a civil engineer out of him, like his pa. But here again, books and Burns just didn't click. He picked up enough technical information to be of some help on surveying trips up into the Ozark mountains with his father, and that's about all. He was good to have along, too, because he could make corn bread.

Brother Farrar was much more studious—and look where it's landed him. While Robin collects a five-figure check for each picture, Farrar ekes out a modest, if contented, living, as editor of a small paper in Bellingham, Washington.

Boiling way up in the Burns subconscious mind at this point was the urge for the stage—the professional stage. He didn't say much about it until a chance came. And then—no—the family did not rise up on its collective tin ear and state that no son of theirs should ever become one of those play-actors. Bob had a considerable reputation as a local wit, and his family was pardonably proud of this reputation.

Bob was always as natural as his own rugged, homely face, and as plain as the proverbial old shoe. He has always said the shrewd, pithy sort of things, seasoned with the same earthy wit, out of which he nowadays makes such a handsome living. So, when he departed on his first theatrical venture, his family gently hinted something about coming right back home if he should get hungry. Mrs. Burns put away her dream of seeing her son build great bridges and fine railroads and decided that if he did what he wanted to do and was happy that was all she asked.

Brother Farrar went along with that first blackface act—which Robin was sure would wow the whole Southwest. Something must have slipped up somewhere, for the Southwest was quite apathetic. The Burns Brothers tried a new act. And a third. And a fourth. They didn't quite seem to have their fingers on the public pulse. They were compelled to change their eating habits materially.

Once, Robin, having nothing to swallow but his pride, was forced to knock on a door and ask the hard-visaged female who answered his summons if she could spare a snack. She said she could not—and slammed the door. Robin tightened his belt, turned away, then spied a skinny, miserable looking gray cat. He tapped on the door again. "Madame," he said, when the door flew angrily open once more, "here is your little kitty."

The Great War provided an hiatus in the Burns odyssey of failures. Overseas with the Marines he blew the bazooka to cheer up his comrades and got a medal for expert marksmanship. When the Armistice was signed, he went right back to his dogged search for theatrical fame.

During a lean spell, he ran a concession on the boardwalk at Atlantic City. In an adjacent booth was a pretty dark girl from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, whom Bob decided he'd better marry before anybody else grabbed her. Elizabeth Fisher Burns was a sweet, quiet, staunch little person who "managed somehow" through all the lean years—and tragically died not long after the great break came. Their son, Robin, Jr., had been born one week after the sheriff closed up his papa's boardwalk concession. Robin, Jr., had a hectic babyhood and childhood, sleeping in the tents of Southwestern carnivals, and eating his lamb chops and spinach cooked over the gas flares of many a theatrical boarding house.

Then that fine will-o'-the-wisp, Success, seemed actually caught in the butterfly net when a studio gave Bob Burns an honest-to-gosh contract. He drew a salary for a refreshing change, playing small parts in Will Rogers pictures. Later, perhaps you caught sight of him as the sideshow barker in Clara Bow's "Hoopla."

It was Will Rogers who told Bob, "Go East, young man. Get on the radio somehow—anyhow. Play that bazooka if you must, but take off the burnt cork and start talking about the things you know—the people you know." So Robin invented Grandpa Snazzy, Aunt Petunia, Uncle Slug and all the rest of the weird and wonderful hillbilly kinfolk. And Rudy Vallee said, "I'll try out some of that." And Paul Whiteman said, "So will I." And a talent scout from Hollywood said, "This fellow Burns has got something!"



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THAT GIRL'S BACK

(Continued from page 39)

That's what comes of getting the habit when you're young.

"But there's a reason for my coming back to work so soon. It is soon, isn't it, with Ellen only two months old?

"I could keep on resting, but that would just stretch out my contract. That's life, in Hollywood. You sign to work for a certain studio for a certain length of time. If you have an appendectomy or a baby during that time, you have to stop work. And that time out is just added to the original finishing date of your deal.

"Figure three weeks out for appendicitis, four months for Norman, six months for Ellen, and a month for two suspensions (I didn't like a couple of stories)—and already I've got a whole year to make up. I don't want to be spending half my life finishing up one contract. So I'm reporting back to work, right now."

She doesn't say that with any hint of heavy heartedness. She says it with a chipper smile, a big smile that implies: "Bring on those movie jitters. I've missed 'em a lot, believe me!"

I'VE been lost, not working," Joan confesses. "Kind of bored. When I get through doing things for the kids, there's still a lot of the day left—unless I make up a flock of extra, unnecessary things to do. I think they get better care if I'm not jumping around all the time. Our get-togethers are more of a treat for them, the way their get-togethers with Dick are. You know, mothers ought to have the same break as fathers: a rating as playmates, not just nurses or governesses. If you've ever noticed, kids' favorite people are those who do things with them, not for them.

"I figure they'll be happier if I'm working part of the time. We'll all be happier. Not that I'm crazy about a career. I'm not. I crab all the time when I'm working. The only trouble is, I crab more when I'm not working.

"It isn't ambition that's bringing me back. What's bringing me back is good sense. I'm not desperately hanging on to fame or money. After nine years, they don't matter so much. The thing that matters now is—I need something to do. Some women, for something to do, take up knitting. Some take up bridge. And some take up acting. That's all.

"I was at loose ends, with no acting to do. I could spend only so much time at the beach. I could do only so much reading. I don't go in for tea parties or bridge parties. I could probably use some more schooling, but who wants to go to school at my age? I might crochet, I suppose. But I did crochet while I was waiting for Ellen, and the memory still haunts me. I was determined to prove my womanly qualities. So I made a bedspread, all in one piece—and long before I finished I was seeing double.

"My something-to-do has got to be acting, I'm afraid."

But what kind of acting? The same kind as before? (The more children she has, the younger Joan seems to look. Right now, sheathed in a black silk afternoon dress, snug of fit and short of skirt, she looks in some danger of being cast as a trim ingenue.)

"Yes," she says reluctantly, "the same kind as before. In 'Unfit to Print,' I'm a wisecracking girl reporter again. I'd like to stop playing cops-and-robbers, but the studio says 'Nix on such ideas.' As long as cops-and-robbers, with a dash of Blondell comedy, seems to please the customers, that will be my screen fare. Why should the studio take a flier and find out if I might be able to please the customers in something different? That wouldn't be good sense from a business standpoint. And that ol' business standpoint can't be overlooked.

"During my accouchement (I believe that's the word) I read the novel. 'May Flavin.' Now, there's something I'd love to do on the screen. But some other studio has bought the book, and I'd probably be the last person they'd think of for it, simply because I've never done anything remotely like it.

"I'd like to show that I could do other things besides girl reporters and girl detectives. That's why, sometimes, I'd like to go back to the stage. So would Dick. We've both got a suppressed desire to go on a road tour, doing a series of plays, hit every big town in the country and be gone about a year. We'd have fun. We'd get a lot of acting, and a lot of restlessness, out of our systems. And one of these years, when we aren't tied here by contracts, watch us do it.

"As far as this little girl is concerned, it would be like the old days. Do you know how many times I've been across the continent on road tours? Fifty-six. Since I've been in pictures, I've been across only twice—once on a honeymoon, and once on a vacation. Between contracts and babies, my wanderlust has been sort of fixed.

"It's lucky I do have a family to keep me anchored. Otherwise, with a nice partner, like Dick, I'd be flying all over the country. All over the world, probably. Why, Dick and I would have seen the South Seas long ago.

"'Travel' used to be my middle name. Up to the time I was seventeen, I didn't think anybody ever knew anybody else more than a week. I was so amazed when we stayed in Santa Monica eight months once, and I kept seeing the same people week after week. That's why I'm not overloaded with friends today. It's easy for me to get acquainted with people, but I never learned how to make friends. Anybody I ever met when I was growing up was just an acquaintance who'd be replaced by a new acquaintance in the next town. We moved around that much.

"I could hardly stand it when I first came to Hollywood. I was moving my trunk every other week, constantly changing my address. Nobody could ever find me. But I didn't feel natural if I stayed in the same place more than two weeks.

"Believe it or not, I didn't even take my clothes out of my trunk until I'd been here for months. I was making fairly good money, but I was still sleeping in a pull-down bed. It didn't dawn on me, till some girl told me, that I should have a bedroom of my own.

"My youngsters aren't going to get the impression that the world is full of strangers who keep moving around. They'll be luckier than I was. About the only funny impression they'll get is that all the mothers and fathers in the world go off to movie studios to work. I'm sure Norman thinks that right now. And accepts it very matter-of-factly, even if he doesn't exactly understand it.

"I took him to see 'The Cowboy from Brooklyn.' He loves Dick's pictures. (He's not so crazy about me on the screen.) That night, when he saw Daddy, he wanted to know where Daddy's cowboy suit was. Apparently, after Dick

finished the business of kissing Priscilla Lane, Norman expected him to come home in those clothes. That took some explaining. And we're not sure it's all straightened out yet."

And what does Norman think of her becoming a mama a second time? Has that been straightened out? Indeed, it has. And very neatly, too.

"He thinks Ellen's pretty nice. He thinks she's his baby. In fact, he calls her 'my baby.' And we encourage that pride of possession. Any time all three of us are around her, Dick and I don't have charge of her. Norman does.

"You know how you bend over a crib, saying things to a baby, trying to coax smiles? It doesn't matter much what you say. All a baby's conscious of is the sound of your voice. When Norman's standing by the crib, too, we say to Ellen, 'Do you see your big brother? Isn't he wonderful?'—and he swells up, fit to burst. He's important now."

IS life more complicated for Joan, now that she has two children? Goodness knows, most people's would be!

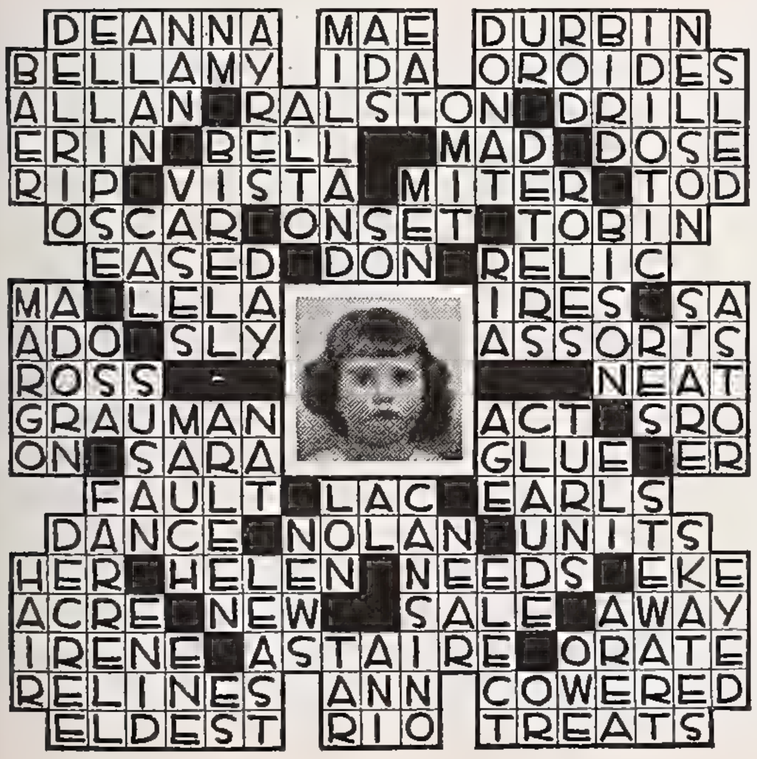
"It's simpler," she asserts. "I'm not nearly the fanatic now that I was with my first baby, not nearly so silly. I was so germ-conscious with Norman that I was even afraid to kiss him myself, and I wouldn't let anybody else get within a mile of him. Every time he'd cry, my blood would run cold. Now I know a baby has to cry for exercise. The louder Ellen cries, the better she'll sing, I figure. It's wonderful how much more sensible a mother is with her second baby.

"If the fans don't like the idea of my having two children, I haven't heard about it. I don't think it matters to the younger movie generation. They don't think much about such things. The older generation probably likes the idea of a star with a family, happy, settled down. The in-between generation, the young romantics who like to think you mean it when you kiss the hero, may resent two infants. But even if this does hurt my popularity, look at what I've got for what I've lost.

"People tell me I don't look any different, now that I'm a mother twice over. And I certainly don't feel any different—except a little proud of myself, maybe. I suppose that's inevitable.

"Nothing's changed in my private life, except that I have one thing more to live for now, and there's a little more noise and more fun in the house. Nothing's different, either, in my attitude toward a career. I don't have any urge to get all I can and quit. I just want to keep busy—a long time. I just want to make a lot more good pictures."

Solution to Puzzle on page 68



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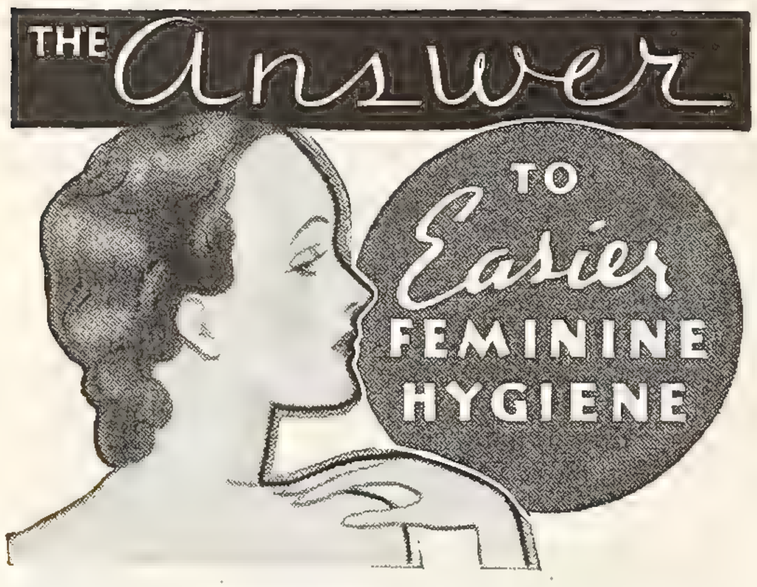
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INFORMATION DESK

(*Continued from page 11*)

Betty McGuiness, Chicago, Ill. Ann Rutherford was born in Toronto, Canada, the daughter of John D. Rutherford, who sang with the New York Metropolitan Opera Company and Lucille Mansfield Rutherford. Ann went on the stage at the age of six, and, accompanied by her mother, toured intermittently until she was eleven. While still in high school, Ann took a radio job and continued in it for four years. From radio she went into the movies. Ann is five feet three and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred and ten pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes. She was Micky Rooney's real girl-friend in "Love Finds Andy Hardy." You may address her in care of M-G-M Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Laureta Morgan, Princeton, N. J. To obtain stills from your favorite movies send ten cents a piece, together with a description of the scene which interests you, to the publicity department of the studio which made the movie, New York City. All the large studios have New York offices, and it is from these that stills are distributed. For autographed photographs of the stars write directly to each star in care of the Hollywood studio where he or she works. Always enclose twenty-five cents when requesting photographs from stars.

Helen Papierniak, Cleveland, Ohio. Russell Hayden was born in Chicago, Ill., June 12, 1912. He has black hair and brown eyes, and his real name is Pat Lucid. He is six feet three inches tall, weighs one hundred seventy pounds, and was a successful studio technician before becoming an actor.

Ruth Perry, Sheffield, Ala. James Ellison was born in Valier, Montana, on a May fourth, but moved to Hollywood when still a youngster. He made a couple of unsuccessful attempts before clicking in the movies. Meantime he appeared on the stage, did studio laboratory work, and various odd jobs. He is married to a former actress, and his two most recent pictures are "Vivacious Lady" and "Mother Carey's Chickens."

Norman Russ, Salt Lake City, Utah. Virginia Weidler was born in Hollywood, Cal., March 21, 1927. She has dark brown hair and eyes, is about forty-seven inches tall, weighs over fifty pounds, and is growing fast. She speaks several languages and has been in the movies for a number of years.

Mrs. Pat Sullivan, Chicago, Ill. Margaret Brooke Sullavan is her real name. She was born in Norfolk, Virginia, May 16, 1911. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred and nine pounds, and has brown hair and gray eyes.

IRENE DUNNE'S TRUE LIFE STORY

(*Continued from page 31*)

girls must always have morality. I didn't know what he was talking about, but I was terrifically impressed."

The year after her husband died, Mrs. Dunne decided to leave St. Louis and return to Madison, where the children might be near their grandparents and aunts and uncle. Accordingly, she took part of her insurance money, closed the beautiful home in the Highlands and bought a modest house in Madison near the long, rambling, many-porched frame home of her family.

Madison is and was one of the older cities of the Ohio River valley. It has, says Irene, definite character. It was a river city. It had no railroad, and because it had age and tradition, it contained many old "first" families of that part of the country. Irene was to have as her companions, then, girls and boys of a type most mothers want their daughters to know.

In such a background and with such friends, thought Adelaide Henry Dunne, her two children would have "advantages," would grow up to be responsible citizens and take their place in the world. Irene was to continue her music, Charles would go to college and take up a profession.

Irene knew nothing of these plans. She continued to have a good time. She loved to pay visits to her grandmother and watch her younger aunts getting all dressed up to go out with their beaux.

"I was very proud of my clothes," says Irene. "One dress that I adored, a dotted white one, with which I wore a big hair ribbon and Mary-Jane black patent leather shoes, was responsible for my first appearance on the stage. It was summer chautauqua time in Indiana and suddenly one of the speakers leaned from the platform and said:

"'Would the pretty little girl in white in the front row come up on the stage for a minute'."

Irene doesn't remember exactly what she did—whether it was to pass the hat, pull a white rabbit out of a handkerchief, or just smile giddily at the audience. She does know that this was the first time she realized the dramatic importance of clothes. It was because, she figured out later, that she had on an interesting dress that the speaker singled her out.

And it was an important incident in her life. It made her more clothes-conscious than ever, and she was to remember later, when choosing costumes for stage or screen appearances, that her frocks must have appeal or "pull" for the casual eye.

Irene's mother encouraged her daughter in good times. Aside from practicing her music lessons, Irene had few tasks. Mrs. Dunne wanted her to have a carefree youth. She wanted her to make the most of her prettiness and have lots of attention.

Irene needed little encouragement in this. There were country club dances and yachting parties on the river. It was the "thing" to get a boat and a Victrola and lazily drift over the water on warm moonlight nights.

"If you danced more than six steps with a boy at a dance, you were almost a wallflower," she says. "There were lots of boys and it was the thing to keep them dangling."

"My first love was a boy named Warren. He had black hair and twinkling black eyes and a great spirit of fun. He was never serious about anything. He wasn't even serious about me—at first.

"We had grown up together. He used to take me dancing to the country club and on those summer evening picnics. Secretly, I was in love with him. I wanted him to be romantic and adoring and send me flowers. I wanted him to say things like, 'Darling, I adore you. Will you promise to be mine?'

"Only Warren never seemed to get around to saying anything beyond, 'Well, goodnight. I'll be around about eight tomorrow. Suppose your mother'd pack some sandwiches if we get up a picnic for Saturday? She makes the best.'

"He was faithful, too faithful. I could always count on him for companionship, but not for romance. I used to lie awake nights thinking of things to say to him, to make him realize he really loved me. I'd do my hair a new way just for him and when I asked him if he liked it, he'd reply, 'Sure, you look okay to me.'

"This had gone on seemingly for ages, when a tall, handsome stranger came to town! This lad had lived in the South, had been to school in the East and had the smoothest line of any boy who had ever come to Madison. All the girls in my crowd went mad over him. He had airs, clothes, distinction, and he could dance like nobody's business. Oh, he was a catch, make no mistake, and I made up my mind that he was intended for none other than little Irene.

"He knew he was something, too. He was terribly conceited. I sensed that he expected the girls to make a fuss over him and so I deliberately ignored him. I didn't care about him as I did about Warren and so it was simple. The first time he asked me to dance at a club party, I made up some excuse. He was annoyed, I could see, but he tried not to show it. He maneuvered things so he went home in the same automobile with Warren and me and he took the opportunity to whisper in my ear, 'Why don't you like me?'

"It was as easy as that! In two days he was calling me and asking for dates. Any other girl in our crowd would have jumped at the chance to go out with him, but I wouldn't and it piqued his interest. When the next club dance came along, I did go with him and Warren was furious.

"From an amiable, good-natured, ever-dependable escort, Warren turned into the most jealous and sulky individual I had ever known. He called Jack (the boy from the East) a drug store sheik, a no-account philanderer, breaking up homes and friendships. He raved and stormed and wanted me to say I would never again be seen in the company of Jack. So then I knew that I had Warren, too. After that I wasn't in love with either of them.

"It was my first lesson in how to handle the opposite sex and one I never forgot."

WHEN Irene was sixteen years old, going on seventeen, her mother sent her away from Madison to Memphis, Tennessee, for a social season. She was the guest of rich and charming friends of Adelaide Dunne's, who thought that Irene should have an opportunity to come out in society and meet eligible men. For in Memphis, when you are sixteen, it is time to think of getting married.

"I don't believe a girl ever had such a good time as I did that winter," remembers Irene. "Everything was perfect. I was surrounded by glamor, romance and wealth. Everything I might want was there within reach. It seemed as if I were living in an enchanted fairy tale."

From a pretty small-town girl, Irene blossomed overnight into a coquette. This was exciting. This was gay. This was silver romance. These were golden, exciting days when the world was laid at your feet by first one soft-tongued, flattering, handsome suitor and then another.

She learned the Southern creed—"'tis better to be dead than not pursued by some male." She learned that in the Old South nobody cared whether a woman had a brain, nobody cared a rap of a finger whether a girl could read Shakespeare or drive an automobile. All that was important was that she could captivate a man, preferably men.

"In those days," says Irene, "I thought of nothing except of being attractive and popular. I worked at it.

"And so the proposals came. I almost married one of those Southerners. I loved him, so I thought. He was delightful and charming, but I didn't think he was serious enough in his outlook. You see I was used to Northern men who knew where they were going. I couldn't quite visualize the casual, mellow, easy-going life of the South. He couldn't understand my seri-



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ousness. He always used to laugh at me.

"In the end, I left him and went home. It was a painful decision to make. It was like tearing romance and glamor out of my heart. Yet something intuitive told me this man was not for me, that I was under a spell of moonlight and glamor. Something pulled me back to Madison, and reality."

And so Irene left the warm, mellow and hospitable South and went home to Indiana with an accent you could cut with a knife. She was restless. She exasperated her friends by her new manners, by her grown-up airs of coquetry. They didn't quite know what had happened to Irene. For that matter, neither did she. Perhaps she had been in love. Perhaps she had renounced the one man who was destined to make her happy.

But years later, when she met Dr. Frank Griffin and fell deeply, tumultuously and really overwhelmingly in love for the first time, she knew she had made no mistake.

However, now, she could no longer be content in Madison. She must go away—anywhere, as long as it was in a direction away from Memphis. And so she decided she would get a job—she would teach school. Why not?

SHE was already well versed in music. She had graduated from Loretta Academy and with her diploma she could secure a license to supervise music and art in the public schools, provided she could pass an examination in art.

Art! She didn't know much about it, beyond drawing pretty trees and flowers in school. However, nothing ventured, nothing lost. She went to Indianapolis, took the tests and passed with 90 in music and 95 in art.

She sent out her applications for a job. With them went some photographs which showed her a young lady of decidedly dignified mien. Her hair was long and piled on top of her head. Actually, in those pictures, she looks older than she does today.

The East Chicago school board accepted her application. (Little did they know what was not in store for them.) Mrs. Dunne helped Irene collect a suitable school ma'am's wardrobe and late in August she took the train for Chicago, planning to visit some cousins in Irving Park, a fashionable suburb, before going on to Art and Music.

In Irving Park, her attention was caught by a story in the morning Chicago Tribune about tryouts for scholarships at the Chicago Musical College. She had passed an art examination, knowing little or nothing about it, hadn't she? Why couldn't she get a scholarship?

The Chicago Musical College was and is a famous institution run for many years by Flo Ziegfeld's father, a Doctor of Music. Because of the excellence of its work and the high type of students graduating, it had attracted endowments of wealthy Chicagoans who provided the scholarships for which Irene was trying.

"I thought to myself," said she, "I'll see if I'm any good. Everybody has always said I could sing. Well, maybe I can, and if so, I'll become great and I won't teach school after all.

"The day for the audition was set. I went to bed early to get my 'beauty sleep.' I was determined that nothing should stand in the way of my winning. I would sing the very best I knew how and—I would look my very best! And if there were any elderly gentleman on the board of judges, I was going to smile prettily at them. My Memphis training to the fore!

"With all my planning, I don't remember much about that monumental hour of my life—the hour which was to make such a difference to me. I faintly recall a room filled with strange, serious-looking people. I remember thinking that I must please every one of them. Edowardo Sacerdote was my accompanist and played 'Villa Nelle' or 'The Swallow Song.'

"How well I sang, I wouldn't know. Nor whether I smiled or frowned. By the time I was beside the piano, my heart was in my throat. I wasn't exactly frightened, but something strange and weird was happening to my insides. They seemed to be slowly turning over."

At any rate, Irene won—won the judges by both voice and manner and copped a scholarship! And that is as far as she ever got toward school-teaching!

Irene didn't live in Chicago. She shared a room with a younger cousin in the pleasant old frame house at Irving Park and commuted daily to Chicago. Irene remembers the Irving Park episode with pleasure. People came and went casually. There was always some one around to talk to. It was home.

Irene worked very hard at her music. There wasn't much time for play, nor to learn about the life of a big city. She was in school all day long, and nights and mornings she was taking that long train and elevated ride back and forth. But she was getting somewhere.

In the summer, when school ended, she did not go back to Madison. She had tasted something strange and savory, something that had to do with getting her name in those "prites" or bright lights that as a child she had begged to watch. She had visions of becoming a great operatic star.

And so instead of home, she went to New York to find out what was going on there. She visited again, this time with the Pfaffs, a German family. Mrs. Pfaff was one of those exceedingly astute and brilliant managerial mothers who wanted her daughter, Rosemary, gifted with a gorgeous voice, to capitalize her talents.

SHEwas promoting Rosemary for a leading rôle in one of the six road companies of "Irene," which were then being organized. However, Rosemary didn't seem to be the type and Mrs. Pfaff, terribly disappointed, looked about for somebody else to promote. And there was Irene.

She trotted young Miss D. down to the casting office, where the gentleman who was picking the future "Irenes" eyed the Chicago musical student warily.

"You can sing," he said, after listening to her, and, frankly, "You've got some looks, but can you dance?"

Irene assured him she could. Indeed, she could. She was one of the best professional dancers in the world. He was still dubious, so dubious, in fact, that she had to go out and take some professional dance lessons and demonstrate her skill before he hired her. But hire her he did, at $150 per week—as a leading lady.

She couldn't believe it. She was only eighteen years old! She was to go out on the road with an honest-to-goodness show troupe. Play one night stands in tank towns, in old theatres, opr'y houses. She was to stay in hotels, sometimes not too clean hotels, hear show talk, know show people. She was to make up in dingy, dismal dressing rooms, musty with tradition and dust. She was to hear that ever-thrilling "Fifteen Minutes!" before-curtain call. She was to hear "Curtain Going Up!" "Curtain Going Down!" curtain calls. Oh, it was wonderful and it was far more exciting than what she had thought were those glamorous days in Memphis. This was life.

(The conclusion of this intimate true story will appear in the January issue of MODERN SCREEN.)

NEW CAREER AT TWENTY

(*Continued from page 6*)

tempted to cheat on a soda or two, I accepted my fate.

I stayed in Death Valley for three weeks and it will always remain one of the high spots in my life. I was up at sunrise and off to some place in the Valley. I explored old ghost towns of the gold rush days, even went down through several of the old mines.

Each day I swam for at least two hours. I was good about not eating breakfast or lunch. But, when evening came, I forgot about diets, studios or anything except food. Then after dinner I would walk for miles. But, to my chagrin, when I returned to Hollywood I had gained four pounds!

"After I had been in Hollywood a few years, I began to feel that I was not making the headway that I should, considering the number of pictures I was doing. Until this day I have never felt that I was given one outstanding part. And the main point was that I was signed to sing and they had not allowed me to. Yes, the studio was too busy casting me in dizzy blonde parts. So I never got a chance to really prove what I could do.

A YEAR ago when my contract was up, we called it a day. For a moment this gave me quite a scare. I knew that I had learned in five years all that I could possibly cram in about the picture business. But I still did not know whether or not I could act. All my parts had been about the same and if you could do one, you could do them all. Even though I had made forty pictures and did have something of a name, I felt quite sure that no other studios would be clamoring to sign me up. But luck was with me and the very same week in which my contract ended, I was signed by London Films to do a picture in England. I was in New York before the week was over, met Mr. Alexander Korda and was on the "Queen Mary" the next day sailing for England.

"We worked for eleven weeks on 'Gaiety Girls.' Everyone was swell and, even though customs there are not at all like ours, I was soon made to feel at home. And the best thing was that I was at last going to be given a chance to sing in a picture. After it was finished, I went to France, Germany and Italy for a vacation and then back to Hollywood.

"Shortly after returning, I made three more pictures. The last one was with Hal Roach. It was during this that the starring team of Laurel and Hardy split up and when the picture was finished, after weeks of delay, I was very tired and blue.

"Just at this time my English film, 'Gaiety Girls,' was shown in New York. The critics wanted to know if I really did sing or if they had faked another voice.

"Now that I felt I had made some small success in a singing role, I was very anxious to get a job in a New York night club, where I would have the chance to improve on what I felt had been my asset all the time. My agent arranged an audition and I was soon to appear in New York. The opening was a nightmare as New Yorkers seem ready to find Hollywood people at their worst. After the first night's show was over and everyone was so nice, I felt that I might be able to stay on for the rest of the two weeks and I managed somehow to do just that."

Pat is now working on a picture in which Wallace Ford and Stuart Erwin have the leads.

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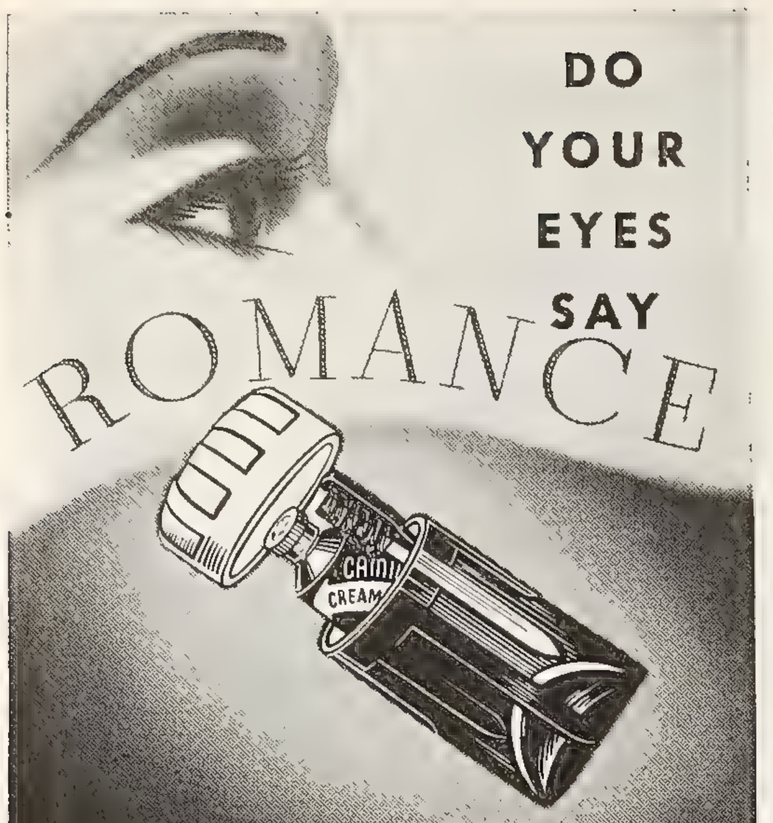
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LOVE AND LORETTA

(*Continued from page 34*)

perience a woman can have. I've seen too many girls make the mistake of harboring such illusions. They've left friends and family behind to go in pursuit of fame and fortune, only to discover, after getting them, that they have no one to share them with. And, for all their fame and fortune, they're lonely, frustrated people.

"If I had no family, no one to work for besides myself, a career would be no thrill. It would be a purposeless, unsatisfiying existence. To have a career, just for the sake of having a career, isn't my idea of a goal in life. If people have the impression that it is, they're sadly in error.

"And I'd never try to make a man feel that I was independent of him. I'd never want a man to do that to me. If a woman feels that she can get along without men, it might be all right for her to make them feel that she can. But if she knows that she can't, she's playing with dynamite. And who wants to play with dynamite? I don't. I want romance in my life. I'm not underestimating its importance. It's far more to me than acting."

SHE wouldn't have put any thought of marriage far from mind for fear that, if she married someone besides a movie star, he might be called "Mr. Loretta Young," and might resent it, and might ask her to give up her career?

Again she shakes her head. "That situation would never arise. When the right man comes along, I want to give up my career right then." She denies then that she has been discouraging love for the sake of her career?

Loretta smiles. "Yes, I deny it. No woman in her right mind ever discourages love. She tries to be ultra-feminine. A woman can't look dowdy and be attractive to men. But a woman can't spend most of her time thinking about her looks and be attractive to men, either. They resent self-centered women.

"It isn't the cut of her clothes or the finesse of her make-up that makes a woman ultra-feminine. It doesn't hurt her to look her best, or to have poise and charm. But these attributes aren't what make her ultra-feminine. They're the results of her being it.

"Ultra-femininity doesn't depend on physical things. It depends on intangible, invisible things. Things inside. Ideals. Ideals don't seem to mean much, nowadays, to a great many girls. They seem to think they can sail through life with much less effort if they aren't 'burdened' with them. But when girls toss ideals overboard, they're throwing away all their guiding compasses and their self-respect, as well. And that isn't very smart. If they ever get anywhere, they'll be towed there. Providing any men come along who think they're worth the towing. From all I've been able to observe, the women that men have faith in are the ones who keep faith with themselves."

Loretta has no elaborate pre-conceptions of what "the right man" will be like. She hasn't conjured up any dream man. She has only one intuition about what he will be like.

"I don't have a temper and he won't have one. It isn't in my nature to fight and he won't have a chip-on-the-shoulder nature. Not that I'm looking for a Caspar Milquetoast or training to be a Mrs. Milquetoast. People like that are just pathetic. But I don't think anyone can ever release all of his angry impulses, either, if he has any regard for anyone else. There's a happy medium of gentleness that can simplify life for you and everyone around you. For me to fall in love with any man, he would have to have that same quality. He could have it and still be virile. He could discuss things without arguing about them."

Loretta isn't trying to insinuate that she hasn't yet met a man she could fall in love with. Far from that.

"The difficulty about being an idealist," she asserts, "is that you're apt to be a romanticist also. You're always looking for the likable traits in people and always finding them, and think about them constantly, until finally you start wondering, 'Am I in love?'

"I can't tell you how many times I've wondered that. Sometimes, I've shaken my head. 'No, this isn't it.' And sometimes, I've decided, 'Well, maybe this is it. Time will tell.' Once or twice, when Time has broken the sad news, I've been pretty broken up myself.

"If you're of a romantic nature—and I plead guilty!—I suppose you're fated to have a series of infatuations and trial flirtations and minor romances, always wondering if you're in love or not. But one day something electric will hit you totally without warning, and you'll know that only one thing could cause all the sensations you're experiencing. Just one thing—love.

"I've had a few tingles, but I'm still waiting for lightning to strike. You see, I want to know, beyond any doubt, what it's like to be hit by love. When it happens, I only hope I'll be lucky enough to marry the man. I'll certainly be marriage-minded, for I've heard that lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

ALL that feminine intuition tells her is: "Don't put on any acts for the benefit of this male or that. Don't take the risk of disillusioning somebody some day. The right man will fall in love with you as you really are." Intuition adds, "Just be a diplomat while waiting. That won't discourage love."

And what are some of her rules of diplomacy?

"Be gracious, never rude. Cultivate serenity. Avoid displays of jealousy, without trying too hard to rate the 'Oh-she's-a-good-sport' brand of compliment. Every woman should have a certain amount of tolerance, certainly, but she shouldn't sacrifice poise and dignity for the sake of being called 'a good sport.' That's against the really feminine woman's nature. So is the 'I'm-so-frank' technique. She will tell little white lies rather than hurt others' feelings needlessly. You can get so many more flies with honey, have so many more friends with graciousness."

But suppose a suitor were shy, backward, a bit dazzled—and she wished he would be more protective?

Loretta smiles. "You don't have to make a man feel protective it he really is a man. The difficulty is how to keep a man from going beyond protectiveness to possessiveness. There's a difference, you know, between 'I don't want you to' and 'You can't.' The moment he starts saying, 'You can't,' it's time for you to say, 'I don't tell you what you can't do, so why should you tell me?'

"A woman can sense possessiveness. And if she does sense it, and allows it, she is sowing tragedy for herself. She can't per-

mit possessiveness without surrendering her self-respect, her individuality. And once she loses those, she loses love. The woman who keeps them is the only one who can hold love."

So much for diplomacy, while waiting for lightning to strike. What if lightning does strike—and she wants the only man to know, without his getting the idea that she is anxious to have him know?

"Do you," demands Loretta, "want me to give away *all* my secrets? Instinct would guide me. I think I'd probably do it by a look. Fleeting, but revealing. I wouldn't make any advances. A man wants to be the pursuer. And nothing can give him the urge to run in the opposite direction so quickly as a suspicion that he's being pursued."

"Up to this point, there doesn't seem much reason to feel sorry for Loretta Young, even if she isn't married. She isn't passing up marriage for the sake of a career. She isn't leading an empty life. She isn't laying claim to a broken heart. She believes in the inevitability of lightning. And, until it strikes, she seems to have the situation well in hand.

But there's one more question to ask her. Suppose she falls head over heels in love, and is positive beyond any possible doubt that she *is* in love. How would she find out if he loved her—aside from her stardom, her Hollywood glamor, her connections, her bank account?

Loretta suddenly sobers. Then, with a wistful smile, she says, "I can't answer that. I don't know the answer. In this business, it's almost impossible to find out—for sure.

"What he says about me, what he says *to* me—that's all I'll have to go by. But if I love him, and if I have him exclusively, perhaps nothing else will matter."

And, looking at it in this light, it *is* too bad Loretta isn't happily married now.

BEATING THE GAME

(*Continued from page 50*)

nearly double what the work was worth that way. Instead, I gave the money to a friend who isn't connected with any of the studios. Then he went out and bargained for and got a special body job for a really good price.

"I was driving over the valley a couple of weeks ago," he went on moodily, "and saw a piece of property that was advertised for sale. It had a good stand of walnut trees on it and I figured, if the price was right, that it might be a good investment. I asked, and the cordial answer told me I had made a mistake.

"Not only did the owner flatter me by immediate recognition, but he flattered me more by raising the bid to at least four thousand more than the property could possibly be worth. I thanked him and drove off. The next day another friend of mine bought the property for fifty-five hundred dollars less than had been quoted to me as the rock bottom price. I expect a bumper crop of nuts this season—but not the kind that actors are taken for at every cross road in town.

"Actors are supposed to be a little stupid, very vain peacocks who blather about Art with a capital 'A.' Egotism is supposed to be their stock in trade, and it's almost an offense censorable by the Hays Office if they admit that they've a practical side to their natures.

"It just ain't glamorous. But me, I'm just an Irish mug. I don't worry about being an artist as long as I can learn to be a first class craftsman. I'm in this profession to earn a living, not to discourse profoundly about The Higher Things. To me it's a hard enough job to do good work in half a dozen pictures a year and I'll leave the happy flights of fancy to the boys and girls who enjoy pretending they know what they're talking about—right or wrong.

"And they get into swell jams pretending that they do. Take the ones that tell you, confidentially, of course, 'The only way to really beat this town, old boy, is to play the social game. You know,' they wink broadly, 'go out and get pie-eyed with so-and-so and then he can't turn you down for a part!' Oh, no? One of the easiest ways in the world of wrecking yourself is to play that social game.

"For example, there's X—." Preston mentioned one of the greatest actors in Hollywood. "He doesn't play that way as a rule, but he accepted a dinner invitation one night from a producer whom he'd known in the old days back in New York. Before the evening was over, the producer was singing a tale of woe and had pulled out all the stops including the vox humana. Only one thing would save his next production—and his job—and that was for X to agree to take one of the leading parts. Now, X is a nice guy—soft-hearted and sympathetic to a fault. He couldn't take it. He couldn't stand that lost-sheep look in the producer's eye. He hated to do it, but he nodded. He said okay, he'd play the part.

"He did, and it was the only real, personal flop that actor has ever appeared in. But the thing that really burned him up was to find out later that the day before that dinner party the producer in question had just signed a new five-year contract with his studio which made his job and his future a great deal more secure than X's, to whom he had appealed in friendship and apparent desperation.

YOU'VE got to protect yourself not only from your so-called friends, but also, in some cases, even from the men you're working for. By that I don't imply that all—or even most—of the producers are as short sighted as X's friend. They couldn't be, without endangering the popularity of the personalities the industry is built on. But there are some of them to whom a dollar now at any cost is bigger than a million-dollar commodity in six months.

"If you play the social game, you're laying yourself open to future obligations that may be hard, if not impossible, to avoid. And it's an expensive way of jeopardizing your future. It means spending money to entertain, it means night clubs and all that goes with them, and it means howling hang-overs the next morning.

"That's why I have a boat. That's why I disappear from Hollywood between pictures. I don't hurt anybody's feelings that way and I don't get myself involved with a lot of bland people that I might get to like the night before they cut my throat, the pleasant smile still on their lips."

Preston Foster hasn't learned to keep his chin tucked into his shoulder and his guard up just because he likes to be retiring. It's been forced on him by personal experience. The most common way in which a player loses everything he or she has worked for is bad casting.

There are certain parts a player can do to perfection, others in which he will be lousy—and he knows it. But the people



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he's working for don't seem to realize it all the time. Then, too, there are other producer considerations such as a salary that runs on whether the player is working or not. Better, they figure, to throw him into a quickie, even at the risk of his personal reputation, than to show a bad balance sheet for the quarter. But established players are getting wise to that routine, hence the frequent rebellions you've heard of in the past two years. Hence, also, many of the studio-inspired rumors you've heard that Joe Hokus and Mae Dopus have gone Hollywood because they won't play in a certain 77-B the studio wants to whip into production overnight.

PRESTON has had more than his share of this type of treatment and fought like a steer to be a free-lance player without contractual commitments to fulfill when he felt they'd be bad for him. But getting into good pictures is frequently just as difficult as getting out of the quota type. The two best pictures he's had, best for both his personal success and that of the studio, as well, took him weeks of campaigning and door knocking on his own lot, where they had him under their noses the whole time. One, a stand-out, was the role of Commandant Gallagher in "The Informer." Although it started out in life under the tender hands of producers Cliff Reid and Bob Sisk as a low-budget job, Preston foresaw it's terrific potentialities. He wanted it and he wanted it bad. People took him to one side and told him he was making a mistake, but he stuck by his guns—and won an Academy Award.

But this fighting for good breaks while keeping covered against the bad ones backfired once. Early in December a year ago Preston finished a run-of-the-mill opus and announced that he was leaving for Christmas in the East with his folks. Christmas in his family has always been something of an occasion. The whole family, down to the farthest in-laws, has always foregathered under the same tree to share their gifts, but for a couple of years Preston had missed out due to work. This time he swore he wouldn't. He'd had word that his Dad was failing in health and it looked like it might well be the last Christmas he'd be with them.

"And then," Preston says, "came a script from the studio. It was 'Love Before Breakfast.' I said 'no' without looking at it. I was headed East. Telephone calls were followed by wires and the well-known pressure was put on. Reluctantly, I read the script. It was a pip. It was different from anything I'd been in and it looked like an important step. I weakened. I listened to the studio and to my friends. They told me that I was needlessly alarming myself; that modern medicine could do wonders; that my father would probably outlive me, anyway, and all the rest of the countless excuses people can raise when they want you to do something against your better judgement.

"The result was that I took the part and contented myself with a long distance call to my father on Christmas Day. "Love Before Breakfast" was a success. It was a good part for me, too. But the price I had to pay for it was out of all proportions. You see, my father died later that winter."

After a couple of minutes Preston shrugged, grinned. "This is a hell of a way for a fellow to be talking to a lunch guest! Say, did I show you the new .22 Hornet I got the other day for going after medium size game?"

He pulled out a sleek, powerful little rifle with telescopic sights and the firing impact of a young Howitzer. Neat but not gaudy, powerful, light and compact—a gun that would delight any man. He fondled it like a baby, pulled the greased flannel plugs out of the barrel and squinted into it.

"Listen, just tell this to your readers," said Preston Foster, "there are two ways of beating the game in Hollywood. First, stay out of it as long as you can. That's the best. But if you do have to come out and try to bust into the racket, be tough about it. Be a little egotistical. Stick up for your rights and don't take any backsass. If you know what's best for you, fight for it, and don't let the silver-tongued boys talk you out of it. Be civil enough, sure—but don't be gullible.

"Remember the first rule of Hollywood—everybody in it is out for himself first, last and all the time. They're nice enough people at heart, but they keep their hearts in safety deposit boxes. They'll treat you like a brother until they think you might possibly get in their way. And if you're any good at all, that'll happen sooner or later—so keep your chin covered."

He laid the rifle back in the cabinet. "It shouldn't take you long to put that down in black and white, so how about it—boar shooting on Santa Cruz, or being shot at by bores in the Trocadero?"

Preston was right.

It didn't take me long to put it down, so now, if you'll excuse me, I gotta go fishing.

And that's my idea of how to beat Hollywood.

FAY FINISHES FIRST

(*Continued from page 8*)

of what movie makers think of Fay's ability. However, if you recall her memorable characterization you'll see why it was necessary for Fay to emote with both eyes toward the camera.

"You know, sometimes I can't realize it's I," Fay suddenly exclaimed when we commented on her good fortune. "When I first came out, they told me what to play and just how to do it. Naturally I was new and unfamiliar with this way of working. We actors usually resent anyone telling us how to interpret a role. It was hard at first to accustom myself to supporting less experienced people, but I felt it was all for the best.

"Well, now things are different. I even get scripts sent to me to see if I like them! My contract gives me the privilege of rejecting any stories that I don't like. Sometimes I feel like pinching myself to see if I'm awake! I guess that's one of the reasons I like it out here. Though it is a bit frightening when I think of New York and the stage. I really wonder if I'll ever return to do another play? You get sort of lazy out here, and, what's more, you learn to like it!"

FAY smiled as she reminisced and discussed her favorite topics. "Even when I was on location for 'Arkansas Traveler' at Malibou Lake, I didn't mind. It was one hundred and fifteen degrees in the shade, but when it came time for a shot, we worked until it was in the bag. Between times we had to have cold compresses on our wrists and foreheads, but when the camera started to grind, off they came, and when you see the picture you'll never be able to tell what misery we suffered. That's the way people in picture business work

and it's a pleasure to work with them."

"The thing that pleases me most," Fay enthusiastically continued, "is that I'm to do a dress-up part in 'The Shining Hour.' You know, I love sophisticated comedy, it's what I made my name in the theatre on. Now I'm to have a chance at it in my next picture. It's going to be good getting into smart clothes and some tricky hair-dos for a change. Not that I'm complaining—but, I do like a change!"

One of our most versatile actresses, Fay is at home both as a chic comedienne and as an harassed elderly woman. No mean feat is her successfully combining her career and home life for fifteen years. For, since that memorable day, some fifteen years back, when an airplane dropped a soldier from the troop ship off long enough for a marriage ceremony, Fay's had eyes for no one except Reggie Venable, who, by the way, has many decorations for serving his country in the World War.

Walking into her charming blue and white nautical playroom, we were interested to discover Fay had planned and executed it entirely herself as a surprise for her husband.

"Oh, what fun and fussing I went through to get this ready by the time Poppy arrived," she explained. "It was no easy job, but worth twice the bother if only to see the expression on his face when I brought him down those stairs. Do you know that now we spend all our time here, never bothering with the rest of the house. It is cheerful and from here you can see the ocean and hear the waves. It's peaceful and we love it."

At this point we met Fay's son, who vacations from military school with his famous Mommy. His age we quickly learned was fourteen. His proud mother apparently takes more interest in her son than in her accomplishments in the world of entertainment. There's no worrying about a grown boy in the Bainter menage, or should I say the Venable household—for, once away from the studio, Fay becomes Mrs. Venable. In fact, they should prove a shining example to uncertain Hollywoodites of the doubting Thomas ilk.

"I think one of the reasons Poppy and I get on so well is because I never bring my business into our home and neither does he," Fay explained, looking as youthful as any California matron. "And, if I were inclined in the slightest degree to go, shall we say 'starry,' Poppy would nip it in the bud with one of his fine pertinent cracks—for which, I might add, he's become famous."

ARE YOU A HIDDEN BEAUTY?

(*Continued from page 45*)

will be small danger of your becoming an eternal tagger-alonger, an eternal basker in sister's reflected glory. How?

Well, I'd suggest that you learn to do something superlatively well. Fix yourself up as pretty as you can, of course, but this is a day when accomplishment counts for most in winning popularity and—to stick to our topic—the ability to do something really well works wonders for self-confidence and poise. Make any talent that you have—and it can be a talent for cooking just as readily as piano-playing or dancing—bring you poise, self-confidence, popularity.

ANOTHER rule for acquiring the above: Get out and do something on your own hook—some small thing, for a starter—which you've been told you're not capable of doing, or that you fear to do. Wear a color that you've always thought "you couldn't wear." Change your hairstyle, change your make-up, after practicing on it in secret beforehand. I know a woman whose husband wouldn't teach her how to drive the car. He said she was absent-minded and he wasn't going to let her touch the wheel until he was so rich he wouldn't care if she smashed up the buggy or not, which would have been never.

Well, now, this wife was dreadfully tied down as a consequence. And one fine day, she up and decided that if her "uneddicated" laundress—a lady of color—had brains enough to learn to drive, *she* certainly could. And she got herself a professional instructor and learned to drive in a week.

Choose your next embarrassing moment to put muscle and strength into your bump of poise. I mean it. Andrea Leeds, who is going such desirable places so quickly, once told me that she thought it was all bunk about poise being linked arm in arm with perfect grooming, faultless make-up and so on. She said the time when poise really stood you in good stead was when you had a run in your stocking, a hanging slip and a shiny nose! She cited an instance when she had been particularly anxious to make a good impression and darned if those three minor tragedies didn't befall! So she just said to herself, "Posture, Andrea! The smile, Andrea!"

And she marched in to meet the important gent who might give her a job, holding herself as beautifully as you know she can and smiling her gorgeous, wide smile. And—P. S.—who is to say whether her first good break in "Come and Get It," which did result from that interview, might not be credited to the posture and the smile, which made the important gent not notice nose, slip, or stocking?

Well—and now I want to get along to the young hidden beauties and the helping hand stuff. I said I wanted to pen a short plea to mamas, and I will do so, at the risk of being told I'm butting in where I have no business. I used to get so many letters from young girls telling me their mothers would be furious if they used make-up, or did any dieting, or even exercised, for heaven's sake. Their mamas said they were too young, they were all right as they were, they'd ruin their constitutions, and so on.

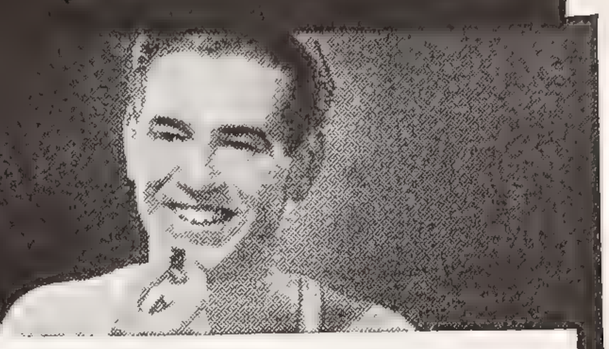
They'd write to me, "Dear Miss Marshall, don't you think it's all right for me to use lipstick—I'm sixteen—and I *am* too fat, I need to diet." Wurra, wurra, woe is me—what could *I* say? *Far* from me be it to tell any young thing to disobey her ma, but in many cases, I did side with daughter. And that's why I'm sending out this little plea to parents—about such routine questions as the above.

I DO think that a girl's happiness depends an awful lot on being allowed to do what her associates do—what "the other girls" do, within reason, of course. I do not think that the junk a girl daubs on her face will hurt—provided it's washed off at night. I do not think the way she fixes her hair will hurt, or that any crazy fad in clothes she may wish to adopt will hurt. By "hurt" I mean that I do not think her character, morals, or youthful sweetness will suffer.

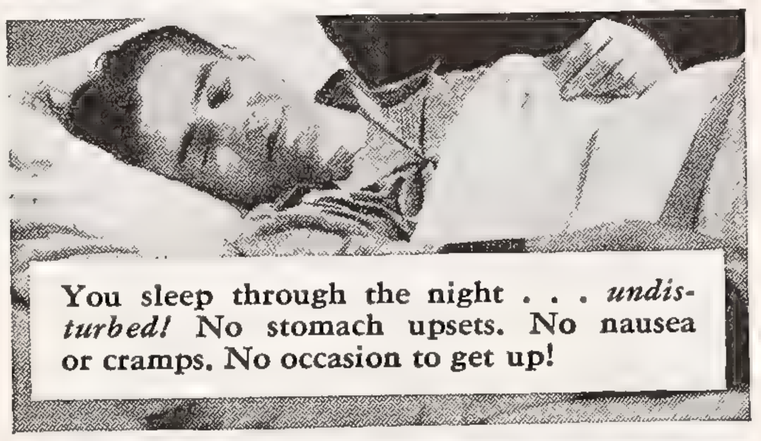
However, on the other hand, if it came to cocktails and puffing cigarettes, now, because the "other girls" did it, I'd lay the

TROUBLED BY CONSTIPATION?

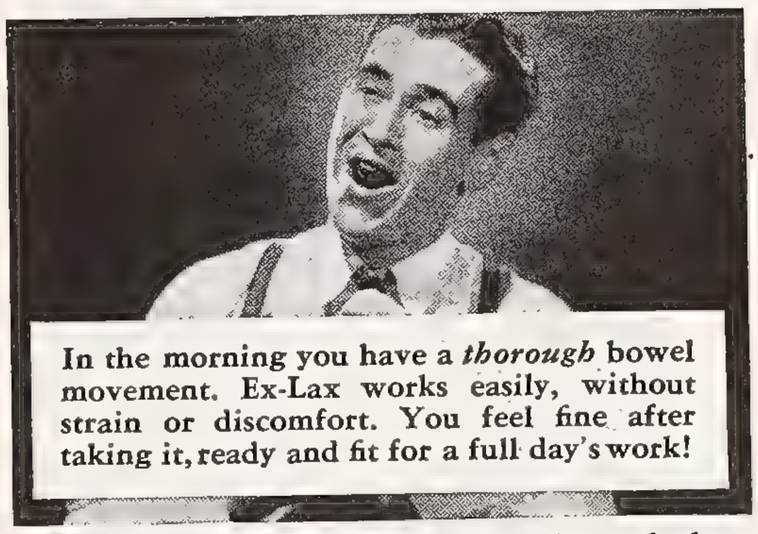
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parental foot right down—and heavily. Daughter shouldn't be allowed to starve herself ridiculously by any means, but if your own two eyes tell you she is undoubtedly plump, there's no earthly reason why she shouldn't cut down on starches, sugar and fats. And exercise—well, it never hurt anybody, unless indulged in over-strenuously.

There's another aspect of this plea to mothers. I think that girls in their 'teens need quite a lot of the helping hand business these days. Youth hasn't such a bright prospect before it, when all is said and done. Why? Well, just look at the morning paper and you have the answer. Any happiness Youth can get now, let Youth have, says I, in case . . . But let's not get morbid and go any further with that "in case." And that's why I say Youth should not only be indulged on small points, which don't matter greatly one way or the other, like the lipstick and the clothes, but Youth should also have the stage set for it—for its parties and its meetings with boys and men.

ONE smart mama I know clears out when her daughter entertains, dragging the old man protestingly along, too. She leaves plenty of good food, daintily prepared, for her daughter to serve when and how she pleases. That cramped feeling of the elders being present is blissfully missing. Mama and the old man return before midnight, I should add.

Oh, dear, I hope I'm not being fresh and buttinsky about this thing, but I often think of Ginger Rogers' mother and Deanna Durbin's mother — particularly Lela Rogers. And, of course, the situation is somewhat different because Ginger and Deanna are professionals and all. But, even so, Lela Rogers literally pulled herself and Ginger up by her own bootstraps. She would *not* take "No" for an answer.

If you remember, Ginger's career did go into a slump several years ago and Ginger was so discouraged and didn't know which way to turn, but Mama never lost the thought that Ginger was going to be a big star some day and she waited for the right opportunity and literally shoved daughter into it. And then it was Mrs. Rogers, if you remember, who insisted that Ginger should alternate a straight dramatic role with a dancing role and everybody said pooh—Ginger's a good dancer, but no actress. So what? So everybody has been to see "Vivacious Lady" and "Having Wonderful Time" and found out how wrong they were.

But I must be getting along with my story. I said that two other aids to personality development, each beginning with "m," are money and a model. Before you start muttering under your breath that money, durn it, is a pretty nice aid to developing anything, hear me out. So often I hear the wail, "If I only had the money to buy such and such clothes, to have this and that done to my hair!" Sure. Well, even though cash may be somewhat scarce around your household, perhaps you could, if you tried, make better use of your earnings or allowance for purely personal, selfish needs. If you must contribute to the family, as millions of girls must, be just a bit tough and hard-boiled about keeping a little back for your very own self.

I don't want to sound like a meanie, but I think it's every girl's right, when she is working and contributing to the family budget, to have enough for herself to dress becomingly and to indulge occasionally in something that is not an absolute necessity. I have seen it happen so many times —the good, generous, dutiful daughter who hands in everything she makes, practically, and the years roll by and now she's twenty-five and then she's thirty, and she has never once had the money to buy herself a whole good-looking outfit, with accessories to match, at one time. It ain't fair.

Another point on the money question: You girls who are still on allowances, please do not regard them as soda and candy money only. Save your dough for good clothes and fine cosmetics and fine toiletries (and not too many of any of those, but *good* things). Maybe buy a book once in a while, or take a really worth-while trip next summer.

And another point: Search about for ways to make money, even in these barren economic times. Yeah, you're stuck in a small town, perhaps, and there's no chance here, you say. But perhaps you can sew, knit, crochet, cook. Perhaps if you have musical or dancing talent, you can pick up a little cash teaching children. If you have any knack or talent, see if it won't build up a little savings account for you.

The model now—all I want to say about that is this: Young girls are very apt to try to copy. Okay. The lovely movie stars being the most evident models at hand, they are imitated right and left by the pretty young girls of our nation—sometimes with disastrous effects. The point is, pick a model with whom you have some kinship in type. If you're the size of Sonja Henie and your nose turns up, you can be cute, but you can't be a glamor girl. If you're five feet eight and your proper weight is a hundred and forty, don't adopt any of Ginger Rogers' saucy mannerisms, cunning as they are. I think a model is a great help when one is young and not too sure of one's self. Don't imitate too much, though. Keep your model for an inspiration, but be yourself about details of dress and hair and so on.

Last month I recall that I said an awful lot about expression helping to disguise facial faults, but, committing the sin I sneered upon at the first of this article, I didn't tell how one can cultivate expressions that are charming and all that. Bless me if I know exactly how to be helpful on this score. However, I don't think it's a bit dumb to practice facial expressions in front of the mirror. After all, that's how these here now actresses do. If any one catches you, you'll feel kind of silly, but never mind.

TRY lifting your eyebrows when you smile—it sweetens many a face. If your mouth is inclined to droop at the corners, try the exercise of blowing a feather—see how long you can keep the feather up in the air. This is a fine remedy for double chin, too, by the way. See if you can make your eyes smile when your mouth smiles. The sparkle and vivacious prettiness of Sonja Henie's face is ninety percent due to the fact that her eyes light up at the drop of a hat. Those of you whom it doesn't suit to be bubbling over all the time, emulate the youthful dignity of Andrea Leeds' face, and when you do smile, let it be a wide, gay, grand smile.

Remember that a pretty head held a tiny bit on one side and a half-smile on the lips will make any man talking to you think he is the most interesting chap in the world —and consequently, that you are a most alluring gal. Practice laughing for an attractive laugh. That turns the corners of your mouth up, too. Of course, while I don't believe all the bunk about a beautiful soul making a beautiful face, it stands to reason that the more you have of sweetness and intelligence within yourself, the more your face will shine before men.

Ye gods, here I am drooling along as usual, and nary a word about exercising and cosmeticking and all the other things I planned to say. I must step on it.

The very-nearly-all-purpose exercise I wanted to give you is this—a simple one, but one which can be made to do a lot of things. Lie on the floor on your back and prop your feet up on a low sofa or something, so that they are raised about a foot from the floor. A very simple stunt to flatten the tum is to push the small of the back against the floor, while lying in this posish. Do this ten times, slowly. Then bring each knee firmly and with plenty of pull on the muscles up against your chest—alternating left, right, left, right. Then, to make things harder, try raising your upper body from the floor to a sitting position, with your feet still up there on the sofy.

And, for a really fine hip reducer, take your right leg, swing it across your left till it touches the floor on the other side. Keep the upper body as straight to the floor as you can while you do this. The idea is to twist at the waistline, which slims and supples that spot, and roll on one hip and thigh, thereby reducing bumps in those localities. Alternate, left, right, left, right.

In the paint-and-powder department, I have space for only a few tips about eyes—most important and more in demand of glamorizing than ever, what with the hair going up on the head and calling more and more attention to 'em. You know about eyebrows being heavier and more natural, but have you tried the trick of making them shine? If yours are naturally dark, simply brush them with oil or lash-grower. If yours must be darkened, carefully apply oil, lash-grower, brilliantine—any form of goo—after they're made up.

There is a tremendous range of eye shadow shades now on the market. Gone is the day when we must choose between blue, green and brown. There are grays with hints of blue and grays with hints of brown. There is a heavenly blue-violet shade, and since purple is the rage of the moment you might consider the possibilities of a purple evening gown, slippers dyed to match, eyes subtly lined with purple, creamy powder and lips and fingernails made up with lipstick and polish that have quite a lot of blue mixed in with their red. I said that eyebrows should gleam—and it's nice if lashes gleam, too. Use the merest bit of oil, if you have mascara on, or else your lashes will blot off on your lids. Some of the Hollywood gals use old-fashioned mustache wax to give their lashes a permanent up-sweep and a nice shine. You might try that.

I solemnly swear that never again will I state at the beginning of an article that I'm going to talk about thus-and-so, for I always run off at the mouth too much and find myself frantically apologizing at the finish because I must leave something out. All the things I wanted to say to the women who have begun to let themselves go, for instance. Particularly youngish married women. Are there scores of hidden beauties among them? I'll say there are. And the chief reason these beauties are hidden is that there seems no incentive to "keep up." Nobody sees you, you never go out. What's the difference you say.

Or, if this defeatism hasn't set in, it's a case of there being so many demands on your time and so many demands on the family purse—and you come last. This ain't right. You'll be a far better wife, mother, housekeeper and individual if you hold out for certain perquisites. Clothes. Particularly good, more expensive hats as the years roll on. The beauty aids one needs—very few as years advance—that good jar of tissue cream, for instance, to ward off any lines and wrinkles. The manicure. The trip to the hairdresser.

Here are two rules I would lay down for the busy married woman—particularly the mama of one or more small fry. Put your face on first thing in the morning. You'd be surprised what a wonderful psychological effect it has. It may be only a film of powder and little lipstick. But none of this going around with a washed-out face until noon or maybe later. Put the girdle on first thing in the morning, too, even if it's only a housedress that's going over it.

Rule Number Two: Eat. Does that sound odd? Well, I know the habit so many busy women get into—because they're that busy fixing three breakfasts and perhaps packing lunch boxes, and planning meals and all that—of not eating themselves, beyond ruinous nibbles, because it's just too much trouble, or because they hate to eat alone. Make yourself eat.

I've got lots more I want to say, but this is all the paper the printer will let me have, so I must sign off until next month.



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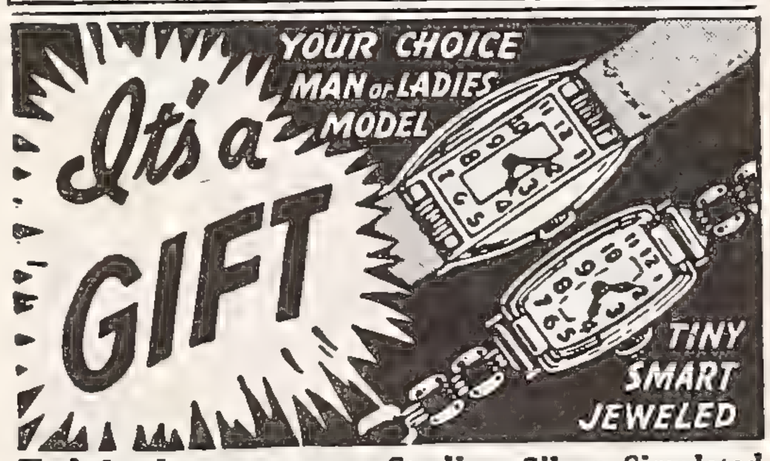
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THE LADY OBJECTS

(Continued from page 47)

woman doesn't try to make the most of her looks, her personality—which means her ultimate happiness in most cases. But vanity's a purely feminine characteristic—or should be. The minute a man begins concentrating on his profile and appeal he becomes, let us say, slightly obnoxious.

"An actress, on the other hand, has profited from the start. Though her success may be slight, she's gained a degree of necessary confidence. I think any girl needs all the assurance she can get to fortify herself against life.

"I'd be delighted if Sylvia wanted to become an actress. As a matter of fact I wouldn't object to her starting right in this minute. Child actresses have many advantages. In the first place, any girl who has her own money in the bank is one up on the world. Then she's encouraged to express herself, thereby given a better chance to ward off that stumbling-block of an inferiority complex.

"I believe in telling children that they're clever, even beautiful, in order to encourage every latent talent, and not to let them be shy of new experiments. Look at Jane Withers—there's a girl who'll never be at a loss. She's already developed so many interests that she'll always be interesting. Then, too, a child actress soon learns that the world does not revolve around her—which idea, contrary to public opinion, she's most apt to pick up on home territory. She learns quickly to give and take in an adult world. And that can't be learned too early.

"Which reminds me of one of my strongest objections," Gloria continued. "It's the easy money in Hollywood. Taking fabulous sums in exchange for little given is devitalizing. It's definitely detrimental to real talents, which can only be developed through hard work."

GLORIA knows whereof she speaks. For eight years she played in little theatres in Santa Monica, Berkeley, Carmel and Pasadena—without earning one copper cent. It was while appearing at the Pasadena Community Playhouse in "Twelfth Night," during the summer of 1931, that picture scouts discovered her.

"That wasn't my first Shakespearean role, either. I'd made my debut in 'Twelfth Night' in a high-school play—at the age of fourteen," Gloria put in here.

She was born in Santa Monica, the same town which proudly claims Shirley Temple as another native daughter. From there she went to Berkeley, to the University of California. It was while there that she married Gordon Newell, an ambitious but unsuccessful young sculptor. This marriage lasted until Gloria became suddenly successful in pictures. Gordon hated the idea of having her support him. Gloria wanted him to go to premieres with her—but he'd be darned if he'd let her buy him a tuxedo in which to go. And so the marriage gradually broke up—with no fault or hard feelings on either side. And undoubtedly to the mutual benefit of both. For Gordon Newell is now a success—recognized as the finest wood-carver that America has developed. And Gloria, too, has changed for the better.

"I object to the fact that most people here seem to think the world is bounded by the Pacific Ocean on one side and the Hollywood Hills on the other," she was saying. "And I vehemently object to the person I used to be—for that was my idea before Arthur awakened my interest in the world at large. Even though I'd had a college education, worked on newspapers for three years and been in and out of the theatre world for several years, I had no active realization or genuine enthusiasm for social, economic or political affairs. I'm essentially a lazy person and it takes effort to widen mental horizons. Arthur taught me how to really appreciate living."

THE Sheekmans are a truly harmonious and congenial couple. Gloria condones his failing for big black cigars and Arthur puts up with her passion for interior decorating—which means moving every six months or so when she spots a new house with "possibilities."

The only thing on which they don't agree is Sylvia. Gloria wants her to be entirely feminine, with soft curls and the prettiest of dresses at all times. Arthur likes to see her running around in blue-jeans. "But at least we've agreed to disagree on that," Gloria says.

Gloria had never wanted a child before marrying Arthur. She had always thought that was something for someone else to do. After she had her baby she still did not return to the screen for another year, simply because she didn't want to end the happiest time of her life. It was grand, she says, to be protected and loved and not have a worry in the world. And it was grand to have a career so far out of the picture that she could get just as fat as she liked and know that her husband, at least, would still think she was the most beautiful woman in the world.

"Another objection I have," mused Gloria, "is to moderation. There's no fun in it. I like hard work and I like to loaf—hard. I love sieges of night-life, putting on my swankiest clothes and jewels and dancing 'til the Troc doors close. But I can have an equally gorgeous time when I get a run on gardening—getting dirty, filthy dirty, in shorts and bare feet, and not a smitch of make-up. I like to go on grand damaging splurges—thick steaks, baked potatoes, ice-cream sundaes—all I want. And then I like to kiss the calories good-bye and be completely virtuous on fruit and vegetables for a spell. Incidentally, when I was thirteen I tipped the scales at one hundred and forty-five pounds.

"I went on a diet for two and a half weeks on an apple and three crackers a day. I lost thirty-five pounds and was deathly sick for the next two and a half weeks. But I remember thoroughly enjoying the effect I gave of Camille in the last act.

"I object to monotony, too. Variety's the spice of the Stuart life. I love bull-fights, symphony concerts, Chekov, dime-novels, cooking—and having a cook at home so I won't have to! Guess that's the reason I have such an assortment of friends—clever and dull, dependable and untrustworthy, presentable and disreputable. And I'm crazy about them all!

"I object decidedly, by the way, to having all my eggs in one basket. If my acting career were finished tomorrow I could still go back to newspaper work—I'd love to publish a small-town paper. Or I could go in for designing clothes, which fascinate me, or really take up interior decorating with gusto. I've got a pretty good start right now with the basement full of antiques. And I could thoroughly enjoy just staying at home and raising a family. But, of course, I hope my acting career won't end for a while. I'd object to never again being asked for my autograph!"

GUILE AND GLAMOR

(*Continued from page 49*)

A small cuff turban with peaked crown tops a handsome velvet princess coat with small roll collar of the material, and huge double cuffs of silver fox.

Miss Stanwyck goes siren in a formal velvet negligee, or hostess gown which has long tight sleeves broad at the shoulder, and yards of skirt sweeping to a short train. Only decoration is a raised scroll design over the shoulders and down the front of the bodice, which latter demurely closes high at the throat, then deceptively opens again almost down to the waist.

ALL of her evening gowns are worn under lavish furs, with one exception. A white Grecian draped gown with corselet waist has a matching floor length wrap. Both corselet and wrap are bordered all around in glittering leaves.

Her flowing crepe evening gown, tied at the waist in three little bows with a laced effect, is worn under a sumptuous blue fox three-quarter coat, the skins falling straight in the body of the coat, and swirled in the sleeves.

More girlish, but less becoming to the figure, is a black sheer dance frock. The soft bodice is shirred over the shoulders and the wide girdle is also shirred. The enormously full circular skirt is irregularly patterned in splashy flowers. The bodice is open to the waist front and back—but it's all right because the girdle is higher in front.

A hip length silver fox cape goes over a slinky gown made entirely of black bugle beads.

Eleanor Hansen represents innocent guile in a demure embroidered starched white chiffon, the skirt composed of three circular tiers. The bodice is tight and shirred, with daisies nestling in the tiny cap sleeves, and scattered over the skirt.

Frances Mercer braves the strapless style, with an evening gown made of fragile black lace, embroidered in silver thread. The billowing skirt is finished with a border of white net applique with the lace, and the bodice is deep heart shaped. Probably all of you know by now what holds those strapless gowns up—besides will power. But in case you've missed anything, its a boned camisole effect, usually sewed firmly onto the dress inside. They must be reliable, as the girls seen wearing them don't seem at all nervous. It's a wonderful attention-caller to nice smooth shoulders, but make sure yours can take it before you bare them to the stares they're bound to get.

Miss Mercer also has a flattering afternoon frock, with a cut-away bolero coming to the waist in the back. The jacket and circular skirt are banded in shiny satin, and the same satin forms a wrapped sash and also bands the crown of her hat. The hat brim swoops up in front like a visor, and narrows in the back, where it turns abruptly down.

If there is no scarcity of fur-bearing animals since the production of "The Mad Miss Manton," it isn't the fault of designer Stevenson. He seems, as grandpa used to say, to have gone hog-wild with the pelts. Blue and cross fox give the silver variety a run for its popularity, and ermine is far from neglected.

Vicki Lester wears lavish white fox, Francis Mercer is scintillating in silver fox, and Whitney Bourne is elegant in rare ermine.

Smart college girls are making charming substitutes for the brief white fox and ermine boleros, by the way. They get the feathery flattery without the strain on the budget, by knitting bulky little evening wraps of fluffy white angora. They do these in all colors, too, to wear for daytime with their favorite wool frocks and sweater outfits.

HE'S TOO HANDSOME

(*Continued from page 27*)

Taylor. He doesn't splurge. He banks his money against the day when the name of Taylor may no longer adorn the marquees. He believes that "a star's life is short." He drives his own car. He has no dresser on the set. He dislikes wearing make-up on the screen. The only thing he ever did to "improve" his appearance was when he allowed half of his eyebrows to be removed. That was because, left to their own devices, they grow like privet hedges.

Taylor's taste in food is simple. He usually eats rare roast beef topped off with chocolate ice-cream. He wears sports coats, slacks and sweaters. He detests putting on the boiled front and tails.

I've heard him boast about one thing only—that he knows Gable. He admits that he loves to say, "I'm going to have dinner with Clark." Clark has no fan, no friend so whole-heartedly devoted to him as Bob Taylor.

He holds that a man who thinks about his looks at all can be accused of vanity. He is convinced that if an actor is forced to slide along on his looks, he won't get anywhere. He holds that it's what's inside a man that matters. Tracy doesn't rely on his looks, nor Muni. Gable's is not the face on a Greek coin. And they don't come any better.

Taylor admits to his friends that he has fits of depression that get him down. He goes along for weeks, and then, plunko! And there he is! He can't snap out of it. He can't name it. He gets low in his mind. He doesn't feel like talking. He realizes that when he admits to the doldrums he runs the risk of being jeered out of court. For what, the world would shout, has *he* got to be low about, the possessor of everything the world considers desirable?

IT is probable that heredity has much to do with the temper of a man. If so, Bob's fits of depression can be traced to his mother. For she is inclined to be pessimistic. Bob's father, on the other hand, was your confirmed optimist. So it seems credible that Bob does suffer from recurrent bouts of low spirits. He tries to work out of them by talking with a doctor-friend, a man with a fine understanding of what makes the works of men go round, what clogs the works, and why.

To have an understanding of Taylor you have to realize that he is, essentially, a serious young man. You may remember that his original intention was to become a psychiatrist. He has a sense of humor, but it is a quiet one. He is never a show-off. He has very little small talk. His



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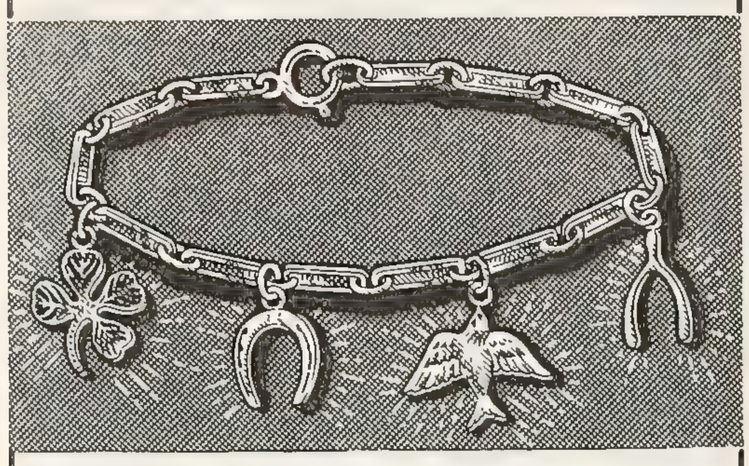


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worst fault is also his outstanding virtue—a lack of self-confidence. Which is rather touching in one who, you might suppose, has every reason to be bursting with gratified ego. He is, however, more inclined to feel that people won't like him than he is to assume that they will.

This lack of self-confidence gives him some bad moments: As when, a few months ago, he was called on the phone and told that "Northwest Passage" was to be postponed. Bob didn't eat his dinner. For instantly he thought to himself, "Guess they don't think I'm up to it!" It didn't occur to him that there might have been reasons for the postponement which would have nothing to do with him. Tracy, for instance, might have had another commitment. The director might have had an assignment which would delay him. His first reaction to any such change of plan is that, in some way, he is at fault.

WHEN Taylor is on a set and sees a director and producer conferring together in undertones, he is immediately attacked by the bogey-man thought: *Now* what have I done? When he begins a picture he is, for the first few days, fired with enthusiasm, belief in himself. Then he does a tail-spin, is flat positive that he will flop.

Shrewdly aware of just what caused the superficial resentment against him, he was even uncertain about the advisibility of casting him in "The Crowd Roars." Not that he didn't like the part, but, being sensitive as well as shrewd, he wondered whether those who had heckled him would think that he was trying, too obviously, to prove that he is a he-man, that he can and did offer his handsome face to be beaten to a pulp.

Yes, he takes things too seriously. And he knows it. And has a theory that its because success in the movies comes, more often than not, at the wrong age. Spectacular success, if at all, should come at the mid-stream of life, not at the beginning. The average young man of twenty-seven is struggling for a living. He is looking forward. But a Taylor, a Power, a Flynn, all the bright and beautiful young men who reach stardom in their twenties, are thrown so high that they have things out of all proportion to what they "deserve"—meaning out of all proportion to what they have earned in the customary American way of patient years, slow raises and careful savings.

Taylor's life is in reverse. He has to worry, not about how to dicker for a raise in salary, but how to keep some of what he makes. The things which most men work for all their lives have come to Taylor without, relatively speaking, working for them at all. Sudden stardom such as hit Taylor is in the nature of a "fluke." And it is in the nature of Taylor to mistrust flukes.

Only a few years ago he was saying, "Oh, boy, if I could own a car!" or, "Gee, if I could go to the Troc!" He was happy then. Too early he has learned the lessons which belongs to ripe maturity—the more you can look forward to, the happier you are. At twenty-seven there are, materially speaking, few things for Taylor to look forward to.

Taylor doesn't believe that he should have been made a star when he was. But, in spite of the fact that he had to gulp down the rich and indigestible food of fame too quickly, Bob will admit that he wants to keep what he's got. He may not "belong" in Hollywood by reason of upbringing, but he's "in the racket" now and he wants to stay in it and be increasingly successful. He once said, "It's kind of an intoxicating thing, being in the movies." What it takes away in normalcy and contentment, he feels, it pays back in excitement and thrills. There isn't any going back, once you've begun. There isn't any wanting to go back. "If you think there is," said Bob, "you're kidding yourself."

It is agreed, then, that Bob takes things too seriously. But "things" have taken him pretty much by surprise. Preparedness is wisdom for individuals as well as for nations. And Taylor had little time for preparedness, little time to learn to laugh off the pin-pricks of Fame as easily as he does the plaudits.

The beating the New York press gave him a year ago rankled deeply for months. He didn't care personally. He did, professionally. Because he knew that ridicule is, of all things, the deadliest dose. He should have said, "To heck with it. I don't owe them anything!" But, unfortunately for Taylor, he is not of the to-heck-with-it temperament. Or, perhaps, it's fortunately. Because now the undeserved jibing has been, shamefacedly, I should think, and for all time withdrawn. The question marks about Taylor have become exclamation points of praise. And, in the long run, it is with his fists that he has battered down his shadowy adversaries.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1938.

State of New York } ss
County of New York, N. Y. }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Regina Cannon, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of September, 1938.

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BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

(*Continued from page 71*)

$1.00 Prize Letter

An Answer

I have a criticism on the letter "Realism" in the October issue. After I came out of the theatre where "Three Comrades" was playing, I was sad, too, but it gave me the feeling that at last I had seen something that was real.

For years I have been seeing pictures where "they lived happily ever after." My friends and I were getting a little sick of it. So when we heard about this picture we made a dash for the nearest theatre.

We lived through the joy of the first meeting of the lovers, the embarrassment of the man when his evening suit fell apart at the party, the pain of the girl when she fell sick and the heartache of the man when the woman he loved died.

My friends and I say give us more true-to-life pictures like "Three Comrades."—E. M. Hobson, Hollywood, Cal.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Musical Love-Making

You may not like kickers, but I'm going to kick just the same. I'm tired of having my illusions all busted up, and want you and the movies to do something about it. Don't get the idea that I'm a movie hater. I'll miss a meal to see a good show any day. But here is what I'm sore about.

I walk into a movie and see a picture get off to a swell start. Boy is introduced to girl, and they both get that old familiar ticklish feeling. So far, fine. Then they take a stroll, park by the old mill stream—or something—and boy opens his trap and begins bleating the first line or two of a new song.

With no chance to have learned the song; with no forewarning whatever, gal butts in as boy slows down and goes on with the next line or two. Right then and there, blooey goes my sense of reality, my interest in their further doings, and I get a morning-after feeling in the old bread-basket.

I wouldn't kick if this happened just once. It has happened time after time, in picture after picture. Now I'm plenty fed up. Why can't the producers give the gal and boy a chance in the plot to learn to harmonize before springing these duets?

Revoltingly yours.—Luther Clark, Birmingham, Ala.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Jackie Cooper

I have just been convinced that Jackie Cooper has grown up. He is no longer the mischievous Skippy of a few years ago, but a man, and a very charming one, too.

When I saw "White Banners" I was amazed but pleased to see Jackie in the role of a young lover. Regardless of the excellent performances of Fay Bainter and Claude Rains, I found myself eagerly awaiting the next entrance of Jackie upon the scene. Perhaps it was because of the fine part which he was given, but I believe it was just because he is and always will be a superb actor.

I hope his studio realizes that in Jackie Cooper they have a real box-office attraction, especially to all of high-school age. I am asking for more and more pictures with this delightfully refreshing young star.—Phyllis Johnson, Lead, S. Dak.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 18*)

ball player from Stanford. Though his dramatic ability will never cause loss of sleep to Academy competitors, his athletic prowess is the best screened to date. He makes the customary last "60 seconds of play" full of genuine suspense, since for once you know it's the real stuff.

The story is according to the old formula but with enough variations thrown in to provide an entertaining buildup to the basketball high-spots. The small college which is the locale for these particular "confessions" is beset by a problem. The president of the board is a rabid believer in brain cultivation and equally vehement against brawn building. It looks like the alma mammy is in for certain ruin until the students decide to take matters into their own hands. Their principal help in this dire situation is the freshman son of the board member. Though he arrives at college with all the ideas of his old man, it doesn't take long for the campus belles and bullies to snap him out of them.

William Henry, in his role, shows considerable talent. Betty Grable, as the beat of his heart, is vivacious and pretty as always. Directed by George Archainbaud. —*Paramount.*

★★ Sons of the Legion

100% Americanism is the backbone of this picture—a good theme for these troubled days and good entertainment besides. The story is concerned principally with the organization of the "Sons of the Legion" to combat the forces at work against good citizenship in a typical small town. Though Lynne Overman is the only name which is well known to film fans, the rest of the cast is well worth getting to know. Outstanding is the work of two small boys, Billy Cook and Donald O'Conner, as kids from opposite ends of town. Billy is the well-bred son of Lynne Overman while Donald is the scalawag offspring of a ruthless criminal. The fight of bringing Donald into the fold is not only inspiring but packed with good laughs to balance the sentimentality. There's nothing sticky or preachy about this one.

The romance angle is competently handled by Evelyn Keyes, a very purty blonde and Tim Holt. It is Tim's job to instill the spirit of the American Legion into the younger generation, which job he accomplishes with sincerity and good humor. Helped by him, the gang brings the picture to a walloping climax with the capture of a public enemy. Others in the cast who contribute good bits are Bill Frawley, the leader of the Legion Post and Elizabeth Patterson, "grammaw" to a roisterous family, and Lynne Overman delivers a performance which should rate him more along the same lines. Directed by James Hogan.—*Paramount.*



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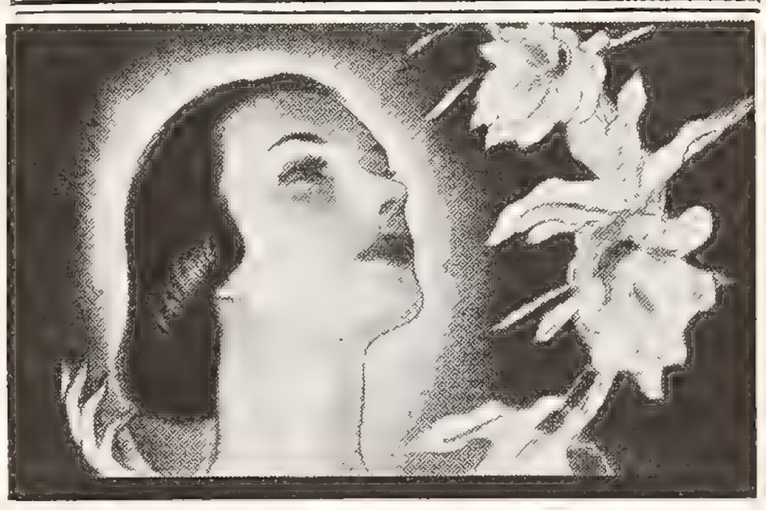
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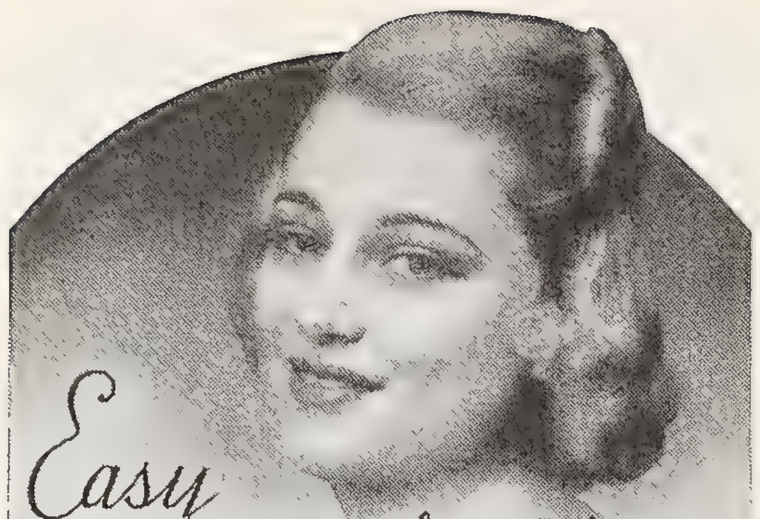
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LET US HELP YOU WIN MOVIE QUIZ

(Continued from page 13)

He does so well that he is made Special Rackets Prosecutor of New York. In the meantime he has become devoted to Frances Mercer, whose sister, Rita Johnson, is in love with a young lawyer, Bruce Cabot, who is tied up with the rackets. This leads to many complications, finally resulting in Rita's death, Cabot's conviction and the marriage of Chester and Frances.

* * *

THE KING OF ALCATRAZ

Public enemy J. Carroll Naish and his gang escape from Alcatraz and stow away on the ship on which Lloyd Nolan and Robert Preston are radio operators. The gang takes control of the ship and Nolan and Preston are forced to send fake messages to the F.B.I., which has broadcast the news of the escape. When their guard dozes, they attack him, but are both shot. Naish consents to let Preston call the surgeon on another ship. By wireless instruction an operation is performed that saves Nolan's life. Preston's wound is fatal, but the crew, no longer afraid of the guns, turn on the gangsters and again secure control of the ship.

* * *

SONS OF THE LEGION

Evelyn Keyes is in love with Tim Holt, who has come to her town to organize a branch of the Sons of the American Legion, which her two brothers, Billy Cook and Billy Lee, have joined. When their father is forced to tell his family that he has been dishonorably discharged from the Army, Billy Cook finds that the escaped convict father of Donald O'Connor, a fellow-member of the Legion organization, has the evidence that will clear his father's name. In the excitement which follows, the police capture the convict, Evelyn's father is exonerated, and she gets her Tim.

* * *

PERSONAL SECRETARY
(Formerly "The Comet")

Joy Hodges and Bill Gargan are bitter rival newspaper reporters trying to prove, from their respective points of view, the innocence and guilt of a wealthy widow accused of murder. Joy, however, has the advantage in scooping all other reporters and uncovering important evidence, because her pen name, "The Comet," conceals her identity from everyone. During the course of her private investigations she even becomes Bill's private secretary, and, in her campaign to ridicule and discredit his stories, steals from his mother a baby picture which she uses with telling effect. In the end the mystery is solved, and even the love affair which looked hopeless, works out to a satisfactory conclusion.

* * *

SUBMARINE PATROL

Here's an heroic and humorous saga of a powerful branch of our World-War Navy, the fragile submarine chasers first scorned by the warships they protected, but, after a while, covered with glory earned by the efficiency, loyalty and bravery of their fighting crews. Among the men who fought on this "splinter fleet" were Perry Townsend, wealthy socialite; Rocky, a taxi driver; and Brett, an East Side tough. A forthright girl, daughter of a tramp ship skipper, gives Perry something more than glory to fight for and furnishes a pleasant romance for this magnificent drama of love and duty.

* * *

THE MISSING GUEST

Scoop Hanlon, a newspaper reporter, sets out to investigate Baldrich mansion, for the murder of its owner has never been cleared up in twenty years. He finds a complicated setup in which several people appear guilty. Is it Larry Dearden, who loves Stephanie, the owner's beautiful daughter? Or Dr. Carroll, apparently an old friend of the family? Or was it Edwards, the strange butler, or Jake, a former convict turned detective? Or perhaps his former cell-mate, Vic, was the murderer? Scoop has an exciting time of it, but comes out unscratched, with a surprise solution and the love of Stephanie to show for his trouble.

* * *

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY

Merle Oberon, the spoiled daughter of a U. S. Senator, is so desperate for a thrill that she goes out one night with the cook and chambermaid on a blind date with some visiting cowboys. Her original intention to just "have some fun" turns into a serious romance ending in elopement with Gary Cooper. However, Merle's distaste for rodeos lead her to leave Gary and return home until more suitable arrangements can be made. Gary follows her and some amusing and enlightening incidents occur. Merle thinks it is all over and so does Gary, but Merle's Uncle Henry Davenport steps in, shows everybody up in his true light and saves the day for love.

* * *

THE AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL

Lucille Ball plays the part of Annabel, a beautiful movie star who is forever being made the victim of the fantastic publicity stunts of her press agent, Jack Oakie. In order to furnish real life experience for a movie role, Oakie gets Lucille a job as maid in the Fletchers' home. Through a crackpot member of his family, two crooks are introduced into the household and proceed to take it over. In order to extricate Lucille, Jack Oakie arranges a fake movie shooting right in the home, but things do not work out as planned and Jack almost loses his sweetheart in the ensuing confusion. However, the situation is finally saved and all ends happily.

* * *

UNDER THE BIG TOP

When her niece starts a fire that burns down Marjorie Main's circus, she begins anew with the insurance she collects. Years later the niece, Anne Nagel, Jack LaRue and Grant Richards become the greatest aerial act in the world. Marjorie discovers that Grant is in love with Anne and fires the two men. Anne leaves, too, and the trio perform on their own until



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$250,000
MOVIE QUIZ CONTEST

IMPORTANT NOTICE

This is a Guide—not a set of answers. The object of any contest is to puzzle you, and the best way to be sure of your answers in the $250,000 Movie Quiz Contest is to see the pictures at your favorite theatre—twice, if you have any doubt.

The Editors understand that precautions have been taken, in fairness to contestants, that no one person will know all the answers until after the contest closes.

news comes of Marjorie's illness and near failure of the circus. They return to the circus, and when, during a daring number, Jack LaRue, who also loves Anne, purposely falls to save her from a similar fate, Marjorie appreciates his sacrifice and agrees to let Anne and Grant marry.

* * *

YOUNG DR. KILDARE

Dr. James Kildare, upon graduation from medical college, decides he prefers a city career to taking over his father's small town practice. So, leaving all behind, including his childhood sweetheart, he affiliates with a New York hospital. There, life is full and things happen in breath-taking succession. Complications arise involving professional ethics and hospital politics, and before long Kildare is suspended for shielding a young patient's motives for suicide. Disillusioned, he returns home, glad to be a country doctor.

IS JEAN ARTHUR REALLY UNHAPPY?

(*Continued from page 43*)

consider your best feature, what would your answer be?"

Jean reflected, then said, "I think that the eyes are the most important feature in any one's face. Whatever qualities you have, good or bad, show in the eyes.

"But, to return to the things I enjoy, I love to go shopping. I adore shopping for furniture even though we don't own our own home. Frank was a builder, you know, before he came to Hollywood and he built and owned so many homes that he has no particular craving to build or own another. And neither have I. But I like furniture. I like to shop for clothes, too. I love sweaters and slacks and easy feeling clothes. But I hate tailored suits. I've had to wear them playing office girls in pictures so often that I've got a regular complex about them. I'm not interested in jewelry either. Jewelry neither suits nor appeals to me.

"My other pet 'loves,'" laughed Jean, "are marinated herring—I never get enough of it—and animals! The only reason I'd like to own a house is so we could have one with lots of grounds and lots and lots of animals of all kinds and descriptions. My pet 'hates' are people who chew gum in the movies, and snap it, and nightgowns and spiders and my own inability to make friends more easily.

"We go to the neighborhood movies. My greatest admiration is for Garbo. Next to Garbo it's Ginger Rogers. I love to watch Ronald Colman and Spencer Tracy and Bill Powell, too, among others.

"I spend most of my time between pictures reading. People in books open up and tell you everything they think and feel. Pick your subject and you can find a book on it by some of the greatest minds of all time. You can have them right in your own home to keep you company."

Twilight began to fall. I said, "Have you any special dream of what you want the years to bring?"

"No," said Jean, "I haven't. I haven't outlined at all what I think or hope for the future, except that I'd like to travel a lot. I know that some people try to 'see' ahead and picture what they will be doing at fifty or sixty. I don't. If I can just live each day happily . . ."

"And quietly?" I asked.

"And quietly," she smiled, "maybe just half of the time."



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Claudette Colbert and hubby, Dr. Joel Pressman, are always on hand when there's something going on. This time it's a new play.



Charlie Farrell, left, congratulates Allan Jones and Robert Young, who threw a party to announce the opening of their stables in Bel-Air.



Our cameraman caught Elaine and John Barrymore just as they stepped from their car. Yes, they're still happily married.

Prosperity came around the corner at full speed in the Ozark Mountain region, where most of "Jesse James" has been filmed. In Pineville, Missouri, where normal business is anything but rushing, there was a sudden influx of commerce, and in a few days there were fifteen hot dog stands, twenty-two soft drink palaces, two fortune tellers and a tattoo artist. Just shows you what happens when Tyrone Power comes to town.

●

Even the glamor girls' horses are wearing make-up these days. Out on the "Shining Hour" set Joan Crawford has put her horse, Secret, to work. Secret—or rather, Miss C.—gets twenty dollars a day for acting like a horse. The reason Secret has to wear make-up is that his flanks are too shiny, so he wears a special dark powder to reduce the sheen. Secret is very happy about his job, and likes to work in drawing room comedies like "The Shining Hour," mainly because he's on his own and doesn't have to share the camera with a cowboy.

●

Hollywood's favorite stag sport—poker—has been invaded by only one woman, according to the town's historians. Men who blanch at the very thought of a gal's presence around a strictly masculine table always make an exception and admit Connie Bennett to their games. She plays with the town's biggest-money gamblers, and they like her for two reasons: 1. She plays a silent, man's game; 2. She can afford it.

●

Mickey Rooney's one proud guy. He's going around telling everyone that Clark Gable's bought a car just like his, after a ride with Mickey. It's true the cars are just alike—a low-priced coupe. Clark liked Mickey's a lot, and that was a factor, he admits. But the principal reason he doesn't use his $3500 roadster is because he and Carole were always recognized. It's got to the point where they even want privacy en route.

●

Deanna Durbin may turn out to be the jitteriest jitterbug of them all. For her picture "That Certain Age" they're doing swing for the first time. Deanna turned up her cute nose at the noises manufactured by the band for the first few days. Finally she started hanging around while they were practicing, humming a bit and trying out a few tentative wiggles. Then one of the boys taught her a few real steps and now you can't hold her down. She's a real rugcutter!

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